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Yours truly
Joe Kerr

THE CHEERY BOOK.

BY

JOE KERR,

AUTHOR OF "JESTS, JOTTINGS AND JINGLES," "THE WORLD OVER," ETC.

NEW YORK:

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TO

JOSEPH DERRY KERR,

1898.

29 XI 22

PUBLISHER'S PREFACE.

THIS volume is properly named "*The Cheery Book*," for it is intended to promote cheerfulness, and to dispel gloom, dejection and sadness.

Joe Kerr and his writings are so well known as to need no elaborate introduction. His delightful merriment and tender pathos appeal to all classes. Although still a young man, he has been a New York favorite for several years.

The sentiment of all his poems is exquisite, and there is not an atom of crudeness throughout the entire book. The dialect verses are incomparable, inimitable, and genuinely mirth-provoking.

The collection is new, unique, original, clean, pure and good. Mr. Kerr's writings are familiar to readers of the "*New York Herald*," "*New York Journal*," "*New York Commercial Advertiser*," "*Judge*," "*Truth*," "*Leslie's*," "*Boston Herald*," "*Boston Journal*," "*Chicago Inter-Ocean*," "*Cleveland Leader*," "*Omaha Bee*," "*Collier's Weekly*," and many other high class journals.

One of the particularly clever dialect poems in this

book is called "Over Behind De Moon." The following is an extract:

> "De ministers dere neffer take a vacation;
> De business men haf no base-ball recreation,
> Und lawyers oud dere all die of starvation—
> It's—Over Behind de Moon."

Another worthy of special attention because of its naturalness is entitled, "On the New York Elevated in August." It is certain to appeal to all New Yorkers.

"A Marrying Man," and "Bill," are very funny and replete with subtle wit.

"He Hadn't," is another gem. It begins,

> "If Loitering Luke had 'a had a rich dad.
> He'd 'a made a sure hit in this world, not half bad—
> But he hadn't:"

"Angel-Land—A Lullaby" and "In Babyville" are of a different order and in their daintiness show the wonderful versatility of the author.

"The Stream of Life," and "Perfection" are made up of beautiful and delicate touches, while "Dead—A Tramp," and "The Prayer of the Dying Girl," stir the innermost heart with their pathos.

Poems grave and gay, ridiculous and thoughtful, humorous and pathetic, are included in this charming book.

Many of the poems are uproariously funny, and

display unusual shrewdness in lighting up the foibles of human nature. From first to last the book is thoroughly enjoyable. The reader who appreciates spontaneous, vivacious, and original humor, fresh and sparkling, without the slightest taint of coarseness or vulgarity, and with just an appetizing dash of satire, will be delighted with "*The Checry Book*." The practical reader, too, will find some good, plain common sense embodied in Mr. Kerr's verses.

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VERSES GLAD.

DIRECTIONS :—For adults—take one after each meal and several on retiring : if you don't improve, double the dose and call in the doctor. For children, dilute the verses and administer the doses with a slipper or hair-brush.

THE CHEERY BOOK.

DOT BASEBALL GAME.

WHO has a birt-cage on his head ?
A bet-tig on his hand ?
Who vears a cot-vish down in front
Pefore de bik grant stant ?
—Der Kedger !

Who gifs der ball von tam bik tvist
Unt maigs id valse in air,
So, ven der padder hits id, hard,
Der sheebskin iss nod dere ?
—Der Pidger !

Who, ven der padder bangs der ball
Unt on his stomach schlides,
Comes down on him, mit hob-nail feet,
Unt puds him oud, pesides ?
—Feerst Baseman !

Who taigs hot liners—kedges fliess—
Iss alvays oud of place?
Who plays left fieldt und center fieldt,
Right fieldt und secont base?
—Der Schord Schtob!

Who iss id, ven der game is tie,
Tond know vhat he's apoud?
Who, ven der home team maigs a run
Teclares "Der striker's oud?"
—Der Umbire!

Who vands to breag dot umbire's neg,
Unt kig his lunks off, too?
Who neffer pays, but yells, unt tells
Der players vhad to do?
—Der Rooter!

Who is der best team in der leek,
Mitoud vone leedle doud?
Who'll vin der pennand in a valk?
Who vont be counded oud?
—Der Vinner!

NAUGHTY NELL.

TH' other day, my mamma said,
Ef I would comb my head,
An' wash my face an' hands (with soap!)
I needn't go to bed
At eight o'clock. An' so, I did:
I *tell* you, I looked fine!
An' comp'ny come, an' I staid up
Till nearly half-past nine.

An' first I pulled the kitten's tail
An' made it jump on pa,
An' when the preacher said "My child!"
I said—"You hold your jaw!"
An' nen my ma, she took me up
An' mussed up all my skirts
In such a way that, even now,
When I set down, it hurts.

Before that, we had supper, an
The preacher, he said grace,
An' he had asbestos whiskers on
The front side of his face:

An' when he et his soup he sort
Of whistled, like a cat,
An' I tole him mamma 'd spank *me*
Ef *I* made a noise like that ;

An' he didn't seem to like it—
Not the soup, but what I said !—
An' mamma said she guessed that I
Had better go to bed :
But my pa, he rether liked it,
An' I didn't *quite* retire ;
But still I felt all flattened out
Like sister's punctured tire.

But then, you know, the preacher's good,
So he forgave me, quite ;
An' when I ast him ef he sweared,
He said " No–o ! That's not right !"
" But then," said I, " My papa does !
An' mamma too, you bet !
An' both of 'em plays cards an' smokes—
Ma smokes a siggerette !"

An' I was going on to tell
A whole lot more, like that,
When ma she up an' bundled me
To bed, as quick as scat :

An' there I laid an' sobbed an' cried
An' wondered what I'd done.
I wisht that I'd been born growed up
So's I could have some fun!

I don't see why us little folks
Is always 'bused that way
Just cause we show how bright we are
Or have a word to say:
But jest you wait till I get big!
Jest wait till *I'm* a ma!
I'll spank *my* children awful
Jest to get revenge on ma.

MUSHROOMS.

I.

THE browsing cattle kissed the earth
And gave the snowy mushrooms birth—
Mush—rooms—birth ;
Down in the dale where the cows were fed,
While the dreaming world was still abed,
Short and sweet were the lives they led—
Lives—they—led.

II.

In the self-same field a wartful toad
Planted toad-stools by the wagon-load—
Wag—on—load ;
Then, with a wink in his other eye—
This wise old toad, in a spot near by,
Gobbled his breakfast—mostly fly—
Most—ly—fly.

III.

Along came a man, with a pail of tin
To pack the velvet mushrooms in—
Mush—rooms—in ;

He gathered here, he gathered there,
Softly singing a mournful air—
Song entitled—"Golden Stair"—
Gold—en—Stair.

IV.

Soon, with a bucket of mushroom foam,
Through the slippery dew, the man slipped home—
Man—slipped—home;
His good wife cooked those mushrooms well,
Then she rang the breakfast bell
And onto those mushrooms they fell—
Rooms—they—fell.

V.

Now 'tis whispered 'round the town,
That she went up, and he went—down;
He—went—down;
Down to where all fools should dwell
Who the difference cannot tell
'Twixt mushrooms and toadstools fell,
Toad—stools—fell.

VI.

The moral to this tiny tale
Of the mushrooms, man, and pail,
Man—and—pail,

Is: Though life is not a dream,
All things are not what they seem—
Toodstools have a mushroom gleam—
Mush—room—gleam.

VII.

'Tis a question, sir, of looks,
Answered not by books or cooks—
Books—or—cooks;
This man may a mushroom be—
That one?—Ay! a toadstool he—
Swallow neither greedily—
Gree—di—lee.

SCHVEAR A LEEDLE BIT!

IF everyting tond go yoost right,
Schvear a leedle bit!
If pusiness doesn't suit you, kvite,
Schvear a leedle bit!
If your head aches fit to sphlit,
If der baby has von fit,
Schvear a leedle bit!

If you catch some nasty colds,
Schvear a leedle bit!
If your vife kits mat und scholds,
Schvear a leedle bit!
If you can't pay all your bills,
If you haf der shakes und chills,
Schvear a leedle bit!

Peebles dell you yoost to schmile
Ven der vairlt goes wrong,—
Keeb on schmiling all der vile,—
Sing von leedle song:
All der same, dot's von bik lie
Vitch goes mit me, nit!
I feel alvays best ven I
Schvear a leedle bit!

Tond schvear all der whole tam time—
Only ven you're mat:
Vot's der use to kig supblime
Yoost pecause you're glat?
All der schmard men in der vairlt—
Please tond you fergit—
Ven misfortune's at dem hairlt,
Schvear a leedle bit!

Men vitch sais dey do nod schvear
Ven tings tond go right,
Iss pig liars,—you can bet
Dey yoost schvear insite.
Ven der vairlt is ubsite down—
Ven you're nod in it
If you vould your droubles drown,
Schvear a leedle bit!

"WHEN WORSE COMES TO WORST."

Behind the darkest cloud, my boy,
They say there's silver lining:
Don't be discouraged!—Be like *me!*
You don't find *me* repining!
Why, me and Astor couldn't live
If we gave up disgusted:
If we gave in as you do, boy,
We'd both of us be busted.

VERSES VERSUS REVERSES.

A regular man of the world was he ;
In fact, he'd gone half through it ;
A poet he, of rare degree
Although *he* never knew it,
Till, hunger pressed, he wrote a verse
Which from his brain uncurled
So cleverly it made a soap
Well known throughout the world ;
Then, independently he trod
Seductive Fame's pathway
And got a stiff neck dodging the
Good things that came his way.
You see, the germ was in him, cir-
Cumscribed by circumstance ;
'Twas only needful that he give
The germ a proper chance.

* * * *

It may be in you, too, this gèrm,—
Germ of commercial verses;
Developed and let out it may
Reverse, for you, reverses.

HELEN.

AT six months old she vanquished all for yellin'.
Who ?—Helen.
At one she was a rosy, cosy bundle, pink and white ;
At two a cute, a teasing and yet pleasing dear delight ;
At four, a wayward, roguish, wildly-winsome little sprite :
At six she broke her teacher's heart at school by spellin'.
Who ?—Helen.

At eight she entertained and filled with boys our dwellin'.

Who?—Helen.

At nine she was the sunshine of our lives, a winsome fay:

At ten she was a bonny, blissful blessing, blithe and gay,

And now at 'leven,—coquettish, captivating, coy,
Can any say

What hearts she'll break ere twenty? There's—no tellin':

O-O-O-Oh. Helen!!!

MARIGOLD.

HE.

Oh ! fragile form with eye of fire,
With hair of fine-spun golden wire,
With Dresden China neck and ear,
With sweet voice, low, enthralling, clear,
Thou art a flower of fairest mold,
Thou art an Eden marigold.

SHE.

Oh ! youth of noble fame and frame,
Of barren purse and *baron* game ;
Thy love is sweet—I hold it dear—
But listen with thy conch-shell ear
Unto the secret I unfold—
My papa's *rich*, *you'd* marry gold.

GEOGRAPHICAL.

HE. (*Good*).

I HOLD that hearts are hemispheres!
Wouldst have this truth unfurled?
Well, when our *own* were joined in love,
Did they not make a world?

SHE. (*Better*).

Ah, there you err, delightful one!
To *me* hearts seem divine:
When ours were joined together, love,
A *heaven* was made of *mine!*

BOTH. (*Best*).

True-lovers' hearts, whate'er they be,
Enwrapped in love's sweet kiss,
Contain a multitude of joys,
A *Universe* of bliss!

INK.

THERE you lie, oh ink. You lie, I say ;
You lie in front of me in such a way
As to invite my pen to visit you,
And thrill this cold and old world through and through
With secret thoughts which have for ages slept
Within thy bosom. Oh! thou rogue, adept!
I think and think,
And the result is—ink.

Oh, thou black rascal! Thou deceitful well!
Thou hast portrayed the thoughts of others well;
Without thee Shakespeare would have been unknown
to earth,
Nor Burns nor Byron would have had a literary birth;
Thou hadst a charity for them—a flow of thought—
But to poor me, alack! oh ink, thou givest naught;
All that I think
Is simply—ink.

Thou knowest, guilty liquor, that when in my bed
I think and dream such thoughts as would arouse the
dead—
Would render me immortal and would stick my name,
Like a filed bill, receipted, on the Pinnacle of Fame;

But when I come to thee to set them down in black
and white,
Thou helpst me not. I have no thought. I simply
write.

'Tis hard to think
When all is—ink.

THE ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT.

I.

IN ages past, commandments were given unto men
By which they should be governed. These commandments numbered ten;
Thou shalt not steal—thou shalt not kill—thou shalt not do a wrong;
Commit thou nothing criminal; that thy days on earth be long,
Honor thou thy father and thy mother; and desist
From evil thoughts, from evil ways—all evil things resist.
These laws were well—mankind obeyed—they were with wisdom fraught;
But Nineteenth Century people add another—
"Don't get caught!"

II.

Steal, if you will; and, further, kill; or borrow and don't pay;
Be *anything* but what you are—play faro, poker,—play;
Be criminal of any sort—be highwayman—be thief—
Be burglar, actor, lawyer—be a man without belief;

Be thou a gay deceiver or a social hypocrite;
Be a villain, demon, devil—be all bogus—counterfeit;
Be a hardened, cruel father—be a drunkard—be a sot;
Observe the eleventh commandment, tho'—*remember*,
"Don't get caught."

III.

Defraud your friends, abuse your wife, be treacherous and vile;
Be double in your walk of life—be poor, yet put on style;
Teach Sunday-school—go rob a bank—spread calumny and lies;
Envy and covet everything—all manner of good despise;
Dream not of virtue; vice embrace—do all this "on the sly;"
The hypocrite world will say, "How good!"—when 't comes your turn to die;
And, maybe, in your future life, it may not be *too hot*
If you observe this mortal law—namely,
"Don't get caught."

READY MADE.

AH yes, I have a heavy heart
For Charles and I for aye must
part.
The reason? Well, the reason
is—
Tho' he is mine, I can't be his.
Why not? He came to press his
suit,
And I was eager he should do 't:
I made an error, for you see,
I let him win too easily.
He toyed with my affections
then—
Well, then I went with other men,
And when he found such was the
case
He did his utmost in the race.
Pique? Perhaps! No *Custom*
Made
Of me, for him, a *ready maid.*

VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

Do you ever lie awake at night,
And think—and think—and think
Of a hundred thousand foolish things
Which "hang 'round" midnight's brink?
And do you at the same time hear
The hollow, gurgling—gurg—
Of your stationary wash-stand,
Like a bungling burglar's burg—
While the latticed window-shutters flap,
The sashes (full of pane);
And the myriad voices of the night
Talk nonsense at your brain?
You don't?—*I* do.
And the ghostly, gruesome, groaning
And the melancholy strain,
Of that measly, mourning, moaning,
Gurgling, guzzling water-main,
Wrap an eerie, iree, ickery, fillacy,
Fallacy sort of sound
In the meshes of the midnight,
Which entwine me round and round.
My flesh creeps and all in heaps
Finally sleeps;

While the melancholy moaning,
And the hungry, hollow groaning
Of the stand,
Keep my slumb'rous soul a-soaring
Up and down a raging, roaring
Night-mare land.

WERE YOU.

Were you a star, sweetheart of mine,
Gleaming the dark night through,
I'd be the Man in the Moon, dear one,
Ever a-watching o'er you ;
Were you a comet with trail of light,
Flying with speed of thought,
I'd be the lightning flash, my own,
By which you would be caught.

Were you the electric spark, dear girl,
That flits through the deep sea's blue,
Then I'd be the happy cable, sweet,
That safely carried you :
Were you a royal diadem
Worn in a queen's fair hair,
I'd be content to be a rose
Sighing and dying there.

Were you a song of love and joy,
Thrilling the whole world through,
I'd be the dear, delirious bird,
That died in singing you :
O, I'd be an echo, were you a sound,
An answer, were you a pray'r ;
Or I'd be a ship, were you the sea,
A mountain, were you the air.

Were you the loveliest girl on earth—
Perfect in form and style—
Courted by every manner of man,
Giving each one a smile :
Were you a million-heiress, girl,
But *too easily caught*,
I'd be the man to worship you—
To love and wed you,—not.

PORKLET'S SOLILOQUY.

To wed; or not to wed:
That is the interrogative—
Whether 'tis wiser and more fatherly in me
To hitch my daughter to an English earl
And thus have title to a name unknown to pork,
Or railroads, bonds or stocks—
Unknown to labor—all the
Money-getting hustle I have been accustomed to
And thousand kindred else things
Known to business men alone:
To tie—to bind—to fasten her
White soul to blood of indigo
And thus enlink our family life to aristocracy
And give to him—the earl—the cream of heiresstocracy.

To marry—wed: Aye, there's the hitch—And yet the girl—the daughter
Is of mind to marry and go two
And make of me, by law, the pater of an English swell
Who ne'er hath turned a hand for aught but ill,

Thus leaving me to bear the heart-ache and the
Thousand-dollar pangs my flesh is heir to.
Nay, nay, Pearline! I'll not have it so! Tho' he—
this earl—is of all earls most early:
Thou shalt wed—a journalist.
One of the sort who'll lend our name
Such glamour and such big repute
As no alliance with *Pall Mall* or *Rotten Row* could win,
And I'll endow thee richly with my pork-made gain
So that his paper and all else of gush America may
say,
In type well leaded and spread out o'er many columns
space,
"He is the Prince of Papas" and then add the story
of the wedding and my wide philanthropy.

Who would fardels bear?—or English snobbery and
the malcontent
Incumbent on such marriage,
When a bargain better can be made at home?
These, my behests, I'll give to her: and if she prove
recalcitrant
I'll will my gold unto the poor and seek the tomb by
route of Rough-on-Rats or otherwise,
And in my last breath sigh—"There's the calamity
of— So long!—life."

SLUMBERLAND.

I.

I KNOW a place so far away,
It is ne'er reached by light of day—
A drowsy, dreamy city, where
There is not room enough for care.

II.

Would'st wander thither? Come with me!
Come! Let us follow Fancy, free:
Follow the perfume of the rose
Into the dream-land of Repose.

* * * * *

III.

To Slumberland, so far remote,
We're drifting—drifting. Slowly float,
Oh boat of Fancy, thro' Cloudland,
Bear us away into Slumberland.

IV.

Listlessly thro' the village of Peace,
Soft thro' the hamlets of Rest and Ease,
Loitering, lingering, lazing along,
Blown by the breath of an echoing song,

V.

Thro' Languortown, thro' Drowsyville,
My love and I at our sweet will
Daintily dally in Slumberland skies,
Under the shadows of Paradise.

VI.

And oh! that we might in this realm remain,
Ne'er to return to life's troubles again,
But we know that we cannot—we're aroused
by a shock
Every morn from a horrible, terrible fool
alarm clock.

A BATTERY PARK REMARK.

I'm the old cheese box, in Battery Park,
And all men know me well;
I'm the doorstep of America,
Where none but free men dwell:
For a hundred years I've held my own
And I've given the world the gain
Of many a millionaire whose face
I never shall see again:

I'm the old cheese box in Battery Park!
My name? O, I beg pardon!
My name's Aquarium, of New York,
Formerly Castle Garden;
I've builded the houses you see about
I've given all men their wishes
And now I'm full of regret and woe
And eels and toads and fishes;

I'm the old cheese box in Battery Park—
Aquarium,—what you will!
They may change me about, but in my heart,
I'll be Castle Garden, still;
And many a New York millionaire,
As he walks through my inside,

Will think of the day when he landed here
With one shirt to his hide!

I'm the old cheese box in Battery Park
And I wonder why in—well,
I wonder where they sent for the fish
That in me dwell and smell;
Why didn't they get them here in town?
There are plenty of "suckers" and "sharks"
And "skates," and "crabs," and "lobsters," too,
In New York's streets and parks!

I'm the old cheese box in Battery Park
And I never shall understand
Why the Fish Commissioners went to sea
For what they could get on land:
I *may* be an *Aquarium* now—
'Tis not as I should wish—
But I shall never hold the half
Of old New York's queer fish.

LIFE.

A man
A maid
A tree
A shade
A pop—Ah!

A pray'r
Prayed,
Preacher
Paid,
Married
Maid
And man
Displayed;
Poh! Poh!

In honey
Wade
Man and
Maid;
Ten months
Fade;
Then, 'tis
Said,

Man was
Made
Pa-pa.

Baby
Stayed
Till twelve
Were laid
In the crib
Where it had played:
Paugh! Paugh!

. . . .

Man and
Maid,
Heads bent—
Grayed—

Down life's
Grade
Slide, dis-
Mayed;
Stock in
Trade
Busted,
("Played.")
Reason?
They'd
Had too
Hard to
Paw Paw.

A FEMININE BOUQUET.

As on the shore we strolled, that day,
He said I was a sweet bouquet;
My eyes were pansies,—roses rare
My cheeks and golden-rod my hair;
My waist was as a lily-stem,
My lips were tulips, and, from them
Came breath of perfume; my small ear
Was quite the graceful Marguerite's peer.
Sweet were his words in every phrase;
His heart, he said, was as a vase
In which this bouquet should be kept.
It was, and is; the flowers have slept
Within that one for years. They are
Familiar with the Family Jar.

"BILL."

I cannot
Remember
Exactly where
I first saw him,
But I think
It was in
New York.
However, I
Do remember
He made a dis-
Tinct impression on
Me which I shall
Not soon forget.
He had a cold,
Crisp and stiff way
About him, and was,
It seemed to me, al-
Together "too new"
And "too fresh."
Although he was
In the company of
Swells I know I
Considered him "green,"
And better fitted for the
Society of such as I.

It was difficult
To form his acquaint-
Ance, but I did it,
And, on knowing him
Better, became attached
To and loved him;
For, tho' he looked "flat,"
I found him *square* and
"Worth his weight in gold."
At any rate, he *passed*
For what was good.

And when he left me
(He was nervous and
Never *could* keep up in-
Terest long in one
Place)—when he left me,
I say, I saw the change
In him, tho' he paid
For my dinner. He was
Absent from me many
Suns and moons, and
Tho' I often saw his
Better half and many
Of his brothers (they were
Ever a loan in the world
And seeking quarter),
And, tho' I heard of
Him often under the
Aliases of "Cold Plunk,"

" Bone," &c., I never came
Across him again until
The other day, when I
Won him away from
A gambler with whom
He was associated.

Bill was a sorry
Sight—wilted, wrinkled,
Worn, old, with a dirty
Face: he was germed
With disease, was torn
Up the back and showed
Much wear and tear.
I loved him, though, for
Somehow, he seemed more
Necessary to my life
Than ever. He had
Been a friend in need.

(*My* need), therefore, a
Friend indeed, hence
Why should I forsake
Him simply because he had
Apparently forsaken the poor
And spent himself among the rich?
He had been in touch
With actors, bankers,
Drunkards, harlots, gamblers;

Had had to do with
Great speculators and had
Even been seen for a mo-

Ment with honest labor-
Ing men. He had never
Fallen so low as the tramp;
Still, he had been in the
Gutter, from which he was
Rescued and redeemed by
A low down street cleaner.
No matter, though! He was
Mine. *Mine*, mind you! And
Could I forget him? Could
A mother forget a son, no

Matter how low he
Had descended? No! A
Thousand times no! E'en
As a mother would take
Her prodigal son unto
Her heart, so I took
Him, Bill, unto my
Breast—my breast of breasts—
To hold, to *keep*, until, per-
Chance, some rude necessity
Should sunder me from him—
My Bill, my *own one dollar bill.*

AN AGNOSTIC.

ADOWN the dim depths of the Future, I grope,
My pathway unlit by that candle of Hope
Which guides the believer, en route to the grave
And makes him forever Christianity's slave;
That portion of Future which has become Past
While my life on the earth has continued to last,
I *know* of; with that yet to come—
The *unknown*, the *unknowable*,—I'm stricken dumb.
I have studied all theories, isms, codes, creeds;
All 'osophies, 'ogics,—their roots, branches, seeds;
Have looked at the Whichness and Whatness of Where,
Have examined the Wasness and Whyness of There,
But now with the Butness and Ifness of Hence,
I'm totally fuddled and "Up on the Fence."

THE SEASONS.

O, SHE was an End-of-the-Century girl—
A hundred years old, in fact,
In all the ways of the wicked world—
Experience, wisdom—tact ;
Her life was spent in a social whirl,
A radiant round of joys,
And such a new-woman—good fellow—was she,
They called her " One of the boys."
She wintered in Florida's sunny realm,
She summered at " Freckle Hall."
She spent her Spring at Washington
And in Gotham enjoyed her Fall.

A MARRYING MAN.

THE first girl I married was plain Bessie Brown,
A sunny and silly sweet thing,
Who simpered and sighed at being a bride
And wearing a wedding ring.

The next was a widow—a Mrs. Malone,
With seven small boys in her brood:
I married this widow for money alone—
I needed the money for food.

The next one I wedded was Alice Adair,
A beauty of fortune and worth,
She lived but a year—too gentle, too dear—
Altogether too fragile for earth.

I married a German then—Gretchen Von Schmidt—
Two hundred and forty she weighed:
O, she was a cook—not much on the look,
But a wife who was stolid and staid.

I married another—a negress was she—
Her mother a broken-down slave;
She was tidy and neat—some distance from sweet—
But she was a wife who could save.

I then married Mollie—a sister of mine—
As a wife she was queen of them all;
She had lots of children and troubles and joys
And her home was a Paradise Hall.

I married my mother—a widow—and then
I wedded my brother—a man;
I married Smith's daughters then—six, I believe—
And I'll marry six more, if I can.

A bigamist?—I?—Well, what do you think?
I married these people for gold,
For I am a minister, humble and meek,
And they are all lambs of my fold.

AN ENGAGEMENT RING.

RING on, O telephone ; ring, O ring !
You noisy, teasing, hateful thing ;
O, I shan't answer if you burst ;
So strain and strangle—do your worst.
What ? Ringing yet ? You *will* not stop ?
O, I am tired enough to drop,
And there is not a servant near
You wiry thing of tongues so queer.
You *won't* be still ? I wonder who
The idiot is that's ringing you !
Well, well, what is it ? Cut it short !
Huh ? What ? The milkman ? Not a quart !
O, *not* the milkman. Who wants us ?
(Say, Central, can't you stop that fuss ?)
Yes, yes—go on—go *on*, I say !
D'ye want to keep me here all day ?
Hello ! Hello ! ! Say, who *is* that ?
Your voice sounds like a squalling cat.
Eh ? O forgive me ! (My ! It's John !
If he could see what I've got on !

Mercy, my hair ! And such a dress !
But still he won't catch on, I guess.

The telephone makes that old thing true
About distance and a person's view.)
Is that you, John? Go on, John, dear!
Your voice comes just as sweet and clear
As music from some angel's harp—
I suppose mine sounds a trifle sharp—
No? Doesn't it? You call it sweet?
What's that? That noise? That's my heart's beat
At your remark, you naughty man;
I'm blushing just as hard's I can.
What's that? You see me thro' the wire?
(*Heaven forbid! I shall expire!*)
I'm what? A bouquet of delight?
(O misery! O bless his sight!)
You catch the fragrance of my hair?
(I'm glad I'm here and he is there!)
My cheeks are roses and their dimples cups
From which young Cupid honey sups?

Why, John! What mean you? Don't you know—
(What *is* it, Central? Through? No! *No!!*)
Oh, do go on, John! What? My eyes
Are floral tributes from the skies?
My Dresden-china neck a vase
Which holds a dainty bouquet-face?
O John, come nearer! See! I swoon.
Your words come as some heaven-born tune
That thrills my soul and robs my life
Of—eh? What's that? *I* be your wife?

O, John! Come closer! That's right, dear!
Stretch out your lips; make large your ear!
Now listen for a sound like this.
What is it? Our engagement kiss.
What? You would further osculate?
Come down to-night at half-past eight.
Heigho! The telephone's the thing
That gives *me* an engagement ring.

A WALTZ STREET SOLILOQUY.

To sell or not to sell? That is the question,
Whether 'tis wiser in a chump to suffer the chills and fevers of a crazy market
Or put up stuff against a sea of losses
And, by a closing, end them? To sell—to close—no more—
And by a sale to say we end the hand-shakes and the thousand ticker-
Shocks a fellow's heir to—'tis a consommé devoutly to be wished. To sell—to close—
To close! perchance to lose! Ah, there's the rub:
For in that sale what slumps may come
When we have made our mind up to unload,
Must give us pause: there's the respect
That makes calamity of too long holding on;
For who would bear his broker's calling "Time!"
The ticker's wrong; a winner's cockyness,
The pangs of dead-wrong tips, the bank's delay,
The insolence of debtors and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes
When he might make his everlasting pile
By going short? Who would carry wheat
To grunt and sweat under a heavy load

But that the thought that the jay West,
That just discovered country from whose bourne
No truthful traveler returns, juggles the tape,
Makes us to think the crop is short and we
Buy on, perchance, until we bust?
Thus Waltz Street doth make asses of us all,
And thus the native hue of speculation
Is sicklied o'er with a bull cast of thought
And enterprises of great point and margin,
With this regard, their profits turn to rye
And lose the game in action. Soft you now!—The ticker works!
Ye market gods get onto this!
Buy me a thousand shares of lead, sirrah,
And at the market, too, to blow my woozy brains out with.
What ho, without (a dollar)!

ON THE NEW YORK "ELEVATED" IN AUGUST.

WHIZZING over house-tops,
Rumbling over heads,
Rattling over thoro'fares,
Scrambling over sheds;
Jolting over everything
Living or created,
Bless me, this is pleasant!
On the Elevated.

(Guard: Fohtee—e—e—
Stree—e—e
Letemoff now, letemoff!
Nex' A—a—a—a.
Door: Thrip—bang!)

Whirling over street-cars,
Carriages and people,
Now upon a block's top;
Now a church's steeple:
Sitting, standing on your feet,
Breathing breath that's baited;
Bless me, this is pleasant!
On the Elevated.

(Guard: Eigh'—a—a—Stree—e—e
Nex' Blee—r—r—r—r!
Door: Slp! Slam—m—!)

Hissing, swishing onward,
Rushing 'round a curve,
Being screwed all out o' shape
As you swing and swerve,
"Hung up" on a leather loop,
"Strapped" and enervated;
Bless me, this is pleasant!
On the Elevated.

(Guard: B—lee—r—r—r!
Gwan theer now!!
Letemoff; will yez?
Door: Thr—r—ipp—tchung—whang!)

Covering "ties that bind"
Rails and frogs and switches
Into roads of gold
For grasping men of riches:
Rustling, bustling, hustling,
On we fly, elated,
O'er the blessed, blasted,
Bounding, bending
Elevated.

(Guard: Gr—a—n—n—n—
Nex' Fra'k—l—l— ———!
Door: Sl—sl—slsh—Pfp—chu—chubang!"

ADDITION AND DISTRACTION.

SHE was one,
And I was one,
But wait! I am not done;
For she was won
And I was won,
Thus won and won were one:
Then, being won,
And being *one*,
We *one*, we won, a *wee* one:
We won this one,
This one, wee one,

And I'll be switched if I can, mathematically, explain how this wee one we won won his wee way into our hearts, as he did, and

Made us three one.

THE FELLOW WHO CUT ME OUT.

Of course my wife was fond of me
  Along there at the first;
But things at home are diff'rent now:
  I somehow fear the worst.
So, lawyer, tell me, as a friend—
  You can, without a doubt—
Just how to act and what to do
  To the fellow who cut me out.

The home is just as neat and sweet
  As ever, I must say;
My rival, though, is always there:
  She loves him, plain as day!
Each afternoon she walks with him—
  I know what they're about,
And you must help me to get square
  With the fellow who cut me out.

Why, yesterday, when I got home
  I caught them in the act—
I saw her lips glued tight to his—
  And this is Gospel fact!

I had to seem indifferent, though
I felt like "all-get-out;"
I didn't want to have a row
With the fellow who cut me out.

So, tell me now, wise legal man,
Have I grounds for divorce?
Or shall I *kill* the rascal? Say,
What is the proper course?
Of course he's only one year old—
A winsome little sprout—
And he's our son; but ne'er the less,
He's the fellow who cut me out.

I SWEAR.

I SWEAR I'll hit the pipe no more,
I swear I'll drink no wine,
I swear I'll steal away from cards,
I swear the pledge I'll sign.
I swear I'll use no slang at all,
I swear I'll forswear lying,
I swear I'll pay my " I O U's,"
I swear to faith undying.
I swear I'll smoke no cigarettes,
I swear I will not chew,
I swear I'll eat no more mince pie,
I swear I'll frauds eschew,
I swear I will not kick or growl,
I swear that I'll be square,
I swear I'll be content with life,
I swear I will not swear.
I swear I'll owe no man a cent,
I swear I'll be " O. K.,"
I swear that all throughout the year
I swear to be a jay.
I swear I'll be a soft, good thing,
I swear my hat I'll doff
To all that's good, but blamed if I
Don't swear off swearing off !

I NEVER HAD—

I NEVER had a hundred thous
And dollars in my life;
I never had a family—
I never had a wife;
I never had a household care—
I never had a knife
Run into me. I never had
A single business strife.
I never had the measles and
And I never had the mumps;
I never had companionship
With fools or cads or "chumps";
I never had an editor
"Sit down on me" too hard—
I never had a royal flush
That didn't lack a card.
I never had a pair of shoes
That didn't hurt my feet:
I never had a tailor's bill
That had the word "Receipt";
I never had a razor that
Would cut a hair in two;
I never had a sweetheart yet
Who loved me through and through.

I never had good pantaloons
With all the buttons on;
I never had a breath of air
That wasn't by me drawn;
I never had a borrower
Come up to me and say:
"Old fellow, here's that ten I owe.
Obliged to you! Good day!"
I never had a thing to drink
But—liquids mild or strong;
I never had a thing to eat
But—food, that all went wrong;
I never had a street-car stop
For me in any street;
I never had ten women say
"Thank you!" for my seat;
I never had a thing to wear
But—clothes that wouldn t fit;
I never had—in "L" road trains—
A chance to read or sit;
I never had a "lead pipe cinch";
I never had a "pull";
I never had a "straight" that was
Not beaten by a "full";
I never had a happiness—
A comfort—a delight;
I never had a thing on earth
To do but work—and fight.

I never had a blooming thing
Go right, but still, you bet!
I'm mighty glad I've never had
My funeral as yet.

PNEUMONIA.

PNEUMONIA, thou encroaching, catching, trouble,
Pnew York well pknows thou art consumption's double;
She pknows thou com'st in stages, hacks, a-coughin',
And that thou drivest one from cough to coffin.
Thou pnauty, pnasty, pnerve-destroying pneighbor
To pneuralgia, pnumb!—to me thou'rt sore hard labor.
In merry morn, or pnoon, or pnight, thou com'st,
And, if the way be open, *in* thou jumpst;
Thou stuffst one's lungs, and tubes and pipes and head
With thine own self, until thou hast one "dead;"
Then when one's doctor-plumber drives thee out,
One pays one's bill and clambers "up the spout."

TODDLE AND DAWDLE.

TODDLE and Dawdle, two sweet little things—
Are darling earth-angels without any wings;
You could not help loving the one nor the other,
No more than a kitten could not love its mother.

Toddle has gold in his hair; and his eyes
Are tinged with the blues of some fairyland skies,
While Dawdle is dark—a wee dainty delight,
With great open eyes which seem born of the night;

Toddle's a bundle of nervous unrest,
Forever at play or forever in quest
Of mischief or something or other you know;
While Dawdle—poor Dawdle! Well, Dawdle is slow.

Toddle won't dawdle, but toddles all day,
While Dawdle won't toddle, but dawdles alway,
And it's far more amusing to see Toddle toddle,
Than it is to see poor, little, dear Dawdle dawdle.

Yet if dawdle would toddle a little, I guess,
And Toddle would dawdle a bit more—not less,
They both would be better and happier, too;
I think so at least. So do others. Don't you?

Of Dawdles and Toddles the world has too many,
And yet 'twould be dreadful if there were not any;
What I mean is, be neither too fast nor too slow;
Don't dawdle—don't toddle—but do both you know.

BLISS.

AH, what a wife have I, my friend!
She bends as do willows bend,
With perfect ease and matchless grace:
Bends to my will. Her winsome face
Is unto me a worshiped shrine
Haloed with hair auburn, divine.
Her temper, though, 's of Satan's kind—
Horrible, terrible, unrefined;
And yet, no cross nor unkind word
Have I from her lips ever heard.
There's wrapped up somewhere in her soul
A marked, a marvelous tongue-control.
Often she's "madder than the deuce"
And yet speaks not; for, where's the use
Of talking to a post or tree—
A man both deaf and dumb, like me?
Our happiness is beyond compute
For she, like me, is a deaf mute.

BANKRUPT.

"WHERE are you going, my pretty maid?'
"I'm rushin' de growler, sir," she said:
"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"Yes, if you pay, kind sir," she said:
"What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"
"My face is my fortune, sir," she said:
"Let me look at your fortune," then he cried:
She turned—he looked—then up and died.
"If that is your fortune, miss," gasped he,
"What a miserable pauper you must be."

REFLECTIONS OF A MIRROR.

'Tis my lot to cast reflections
On my friends in social life,
Be they aged, handsome, ugly,
Youth or maiden, man or wife.
Not that I at all desire it,
But that they arrange it so;
And my criticisms are truthful,
Both to friendly one and foe.
I am flat and frank and honest,
And I never lie or cheat,
Yet I've had the whole world bending
Down and smirking at my feet
You see, my friends, I'm upright,
With a face forever bright,
In which you read my thoughts of you
According to your light.
In my way, I am an artist, too,
Whose portraits, silver-lined,
Are always hung in boudoirs,
In most pleasing "frames of mind."

Whenever people come to me
To "have their picture took,"
I always paint it for them
Just exactly as they look;
And, of course, as each one fancies
That no face is like his, quite,
I give them satisfaction, full,
Well tinctured with delight.
Most people stand before me
In admiration lost;
They wouldn't be without my aid
No matter what it cost.
I am petted, fondled, cared for,
Like a mighty little lord;
I cater to folk's vanity;
I've struck a popular chord.
And, therefore, friendly vanity
And I shall sway mankind,
Till the men lose sight of women,
And the women are all blind.

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.

WHEN lovely woman meets a man
She *wants* "she stoops to *con*quer"
And with him, in his opinions,
She forever "stoops to *concur*";
Till, having stooped and bent and bowed
She's cringed and *more* than concurred
She wins—then, "you can bet"
He *is*, and she *has*—conquered.

THE COUNT'S CONFESSION.

INA da land ofa da vendetta,
Where da peop' eat much spaghetti
An' da nobod' work or fretta
Hard 'nough to bringa da sweatta—
Where day all not paya da debta
And da lazeroni getta
Nota 'nough to eat—youa betta!
O—dat giva me onea regretta,
When I dream 'bout my Annetta—
My own sweeta, goota petta,
Who hava eyes like one magnetta—
Blue—like sweeta violetta.—
Va! Day stab lika one stiletto!
In Italia, my Annetta
Wait for me: and I— metta
One rich Newa York girl and getta
Married asa da Count Spaghetti.
In Newa York Ia dream and fretta—
Smoka my sweeta Cigaretta
Till my wife die—den, youa betta,
I go backa to Annetta.

HAPPINESS.

I.

ONE winter's eve, there gathered at
A well-known rendezvous,
Men of various nationalities;
I'll imitate a few:
There were French, Italian, German, Chinese,
Yankee and negro;
There were English, Irish, Scotchmen and
A Bowery tough or so.
The most of them drank wine and chaffed,
Half hidden in clouds of smoke;
They discussed all topics of the times,
Themselves and other folk;
But the greatest, grandest subject of
The evening was, I guess,
That all-absorbing question, "*What* is—
Where is happiness?"

II.

"Vell, py chiminy, sauerkraut, sausage!" said
The German; "Choost loog here!
I gids mine habbiness von schmoke and
Finf-unt-schwanzig lager bier."

Cried the mick—" I'll not be happy till
Ould Oireland is free :
Thin they'll all be djukes and djukesses there,
Aich wan, incloodin' me ;
And the whole bright Imerald Oiland will
Schlop over wid delight,
Pfwhin her micks and mickesses can work,
And drink, ate, schlape and fight."
Piped the Scotchman, " Mon, ye dinna wha'
Ye do nor wha' ye say !
There's nae happiness oot of Scutland ! There's
Nae place say blith' and gay !"

III.

" Well, yuh see, ut's jist like dis wit me,"
The tough said, with a grin,
With hat jammed over his forehead, with
Bull-neck and stuck-out chin :
" I ain't got no show to git happy, 'n' I
Do' want none, eider. See ?
I ain't takun' no guff frum nobody !
Dey hain't no flies on me,
An' de bloke w'at runs agin me on
De wrong side of de street,
An' t'inks he's got holt uv a sucker,
'Ull git a t'ump in de teet'.
De only place I knows of dat
Would suit a jay like me,
Is de Bow'ry w'ere I gits me jags ;
Dey's nawthun' like ut ! See ?"

IV.

"Lats! Chessenut!" croaked the Chinaman,
"Melican man no good!
No likee lats—no eatee lice—
Him wantee angel food!
Melican man him velly muchee bad.
You sabee? Him not likee me;
Him smokee cigalette—no hittee de pipe—
Him dlinkee too muchee coffee.
Me washee colla, washee cuff, washee shirt;
Me dlinkee Oolongee tea.
Me gottee piggie-tail; me livee likee dude
In my cella, my littee laundlee;
Me habe muchee fun—me sabe muchee mon—
Gittee lich—gittee Melican wife,
Plitty klick me buy tickee—go backa China—
You bettee you sweet littee life."

V.

Then the Italian looked up with banana-like smile
And a Romeo, grind-organ tone;
"You talka too much, you moona-face man!
You maka me sick—maka me groan!
You eata da rice and eata da rat!
Dat da goota 'nough grub fora you,
But it killa da whitea man—killa da dog—
It maka da monk' sick—mea too!
Me hava de hap' when me grinda da org'—
When me maka da mon' lika da man—

When me gitta da plent' maccaroni to eat
And da bigga, fat, redda banan'.
No worka to-day, me worka to-mor'!
Too mucha work maka me blue!
When me taka da org' to Italia once more,
Dat maka de monk' happy—mea too!

VI.

"Avawst there, fellies! Cawn't you? Eh?"
The Englishman chimed in:
"England's the land and Lunnon's the town
To be most 'appy in!
The bloomin' place is full of life,
And money is the leaven
To make you 'appier, living there,
Than you would be in 'eaven."
"Pardong, Monsieur!" the Frenchman cried:
"Heaven is in Paree.
Ze ladies zere are angels; and,
Ze men are all like me."
"Hold on dere, boss!" laughed Pompey:
"Happineth? Bress mah thoul!
Thweet wattah-million 'th happineth!
Thpethially one dat's stole."

VII.

"Wall I snum!" squeaked the Yankee,
"Yeou fellers think yer smart,
"Yeou talk about *yeour* countries in a
Way that breaks my heart;

And yit yeou're all a living here,
In free Amerikay,
The home of happiness and content,
Because you make it pay.
To make man happy, make him free,
And give him lots of room ;
And make him think, and make him work,
And make him a bridegroom.
In this here country you can lead
The happiest sort o' life
With a hundred thousand dollars
And a smart, good-lookin' wife. '

OVER BEHIND DE MOON.

My name ist Hans Von Hillon ; und,
I come, like vone bad shillin', phon
Oud vere de clouds vet vater vas sphillin'—
It's—Over Behind de Moon.

I come phon a place called Shadowland,
Vere dere's neffer a sorrow on any hand,
For de peebles are ghosts, you understand,
Und it's—Over Behind de Moon.

Dey neffer grow veary of life over dere—
Dey know nuttings of trouble, nor sorrow, nor care—
Und de vimmens dond bodder aboud vhad dey vear—
It's—Over Behind de Moon.

De chentlemens dere are Apollos und such—
Dey speag no lankwitch—not even de Dutch—
Do dey ved not for love but for money?—Not much!
Dot's—Over Behind de Moon.

In dis land of de shadows, de teeahter hats
Of the ladies are smaller dan lace lamp-mats;
Und Republicans dere are all Democrats.
It's—Over Behind de Moon.

De police over dere are as chendle as lambs;
De drinking men neffer acquire de James Jams;
De vives neffer scold—dey are silent as clams.
It's—Over Behind de Moon.

De vimmens dere neffer deceif men nor flirt;
De leedle vones neffer cry oud vhen dey're hurt;
Dey are all rich as Wanderbild. Still I assert,
Dot it's—Over Behind de Moon.

De ministers dere neffer take a vacation;
De business men haf no base-ball recreation,
Und lawyers oud dere all die of starvation—
It's—Over Behind de Moon.

In dis land of de skies no vone effer dies;
De ladies don'd powder—nobody tells lies,
Und de merchants get rich, yet dey don'd atfertise
It's—Over Behind de Moon.

De peebles don'd use umbrellas, und yet,
Dey go out in de rain und dey neffer get vet.
No vone in dat country vas effer in debt—
It's—Over Behind de Moon.

* * * * *

Vould *you* like to be oud in dis peautiful land,
Vhere you live like a lord vithout turning your hand;
Vhere all de surroundinks are lofely und grand
Une dere's vonderful peebles on effery hand?
Vhere dey haf rabid transit? A navy vell-manned?
Vhere political peebles are peaceful und bland?
Vhere you neffer get freckled or sunburnt or tanned?
Vhere de moosic beats Sousa's or Kappa's bwass band
Und your bwow is foheffer by anchel vings fanned?
Vell,—be choost like me; und den, pretty kvick,
You catch a bad cold—und you be pootty sick;
Und den,—later on—perhaps pootty soon—
You kick some buckets; und, Biff!—You go
Over Behind de Moon.

NEW VIMMENS.

I haf de kveerest family
You effer seen, I bet,
Und I haf got a goot saloon
Vitch keebs us oud ohf debt:

Mein frau, she tends de babies,
In de goot olt fashioned vay,
She bosses me und dot saloon
Und dat's vat makes it pay:

My son, he iss a female gairl
Mit schlender vaist, und head—
He's such a pairfect lady
Dot I vish dot she vas dead:

He vears a corset, bangs his hair
Unt manicoors its nails:
My female boy's der tamdest fool
Outside ohf all der chails!

My daughter—he, or she, or it,
(I dond know vitch to say!)
Iss kvite a manly, up-to-date,
New vomans ohf to-day:

It schmokes—*she* trinks—*he* rides a veel—
My daughter, vitch vears pants—
I tink she vould vear vitskers, too,
If he—she had von chance :

De only peobles in der house
Dot aind turned downside up
Iss me und Schneider—dot's my dog—
Der schmardest kind ohf pup :

Und Schneider says, new vimmins
In von hundert years from now
Vill be de papas ohf de vairlt—
I dink so, too, somehow :

But let me die—und Schneider, too,—
Ve vouldnt vand to be
De mammas of such childrens as
Dose vitch pelong by me.

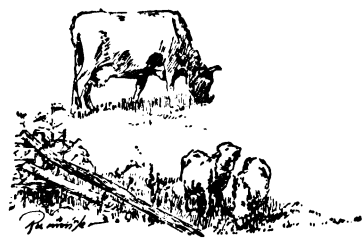
BILL 'N' I.

WE wuz, Bill 'n' I, sort of chums at our school;
He wuz a smart one; I, kind of a fool:
At least all the people, or most all, said so—
Scholars an' teachers es oughter know.
Bill took to literatoor—I to the plough,
And jest take a look at the two of us now!
I've got six boys from six feet to so high,
The foolest of which is as smart as Bill 'n' I.

Besides that I've got four fine girls and a wife
'N' other cattle 'n' horses to bless my old life,
An' Bill has got—Bill's got a good reputation,
Es big 'n' es wide es all out-door creation;
But Heavens and earth, man! What's fame? What
—*is*—fame
But a bubble, er something that seems jest the same?
I'll leave something *solid* when *I* come to die
To prove how we differed on earth—Bill 'n' I.

To be certain, I'm jest the same age as is Bill,
'N' I'm stiff and rheumatic, but Bill's limber still;
An' he's nagging along making folks laugh or cry
(People always did hanker to have Bill nigh!)
But he's bald es a squash while I've got all my hair
An' money enough for to keep—not to spare.
They hain't none on earth nor, I guess, in the sky
So peculiar in make-up as is Bill 'n' I.

Bill figgers fer glory on earth here:—and I
Am a-going to wait an' git mine when I die:
Bill's known thro' the World—I'm not heard of at all:
Bill's great 'n' I'm little—in fact, I am small:
I've skimped 'n' I've squeezed 'n' I saved till I'm worth
Es many good dollars es most tillers of earth,
But the ongrateful world will fergit sech as I
An' remember jest him, when we're dead—Bill 'n' I.



CHAPPIE CHATTER.

I.

HEATAH'S boah us,
Girls adoah us:
Men, weal men,
Don't understand
That owah dwessing
And clothes-pwessing
Make us flowahs
Of the land.

Men, weal men, ahe
Wadishes. Then,—Ah—
They ahe solid
Stuff—and—and,
We'ah the witty
And the pwitty
Pehfumed flowahs
Of the land.

III.

Men ah pappies,
We ah chappies ;
They ah simple,
We ah gwand.
We ah woses—
Othah posies—
Sweet cut flowahs
Of the land.

IV.

Men smoke cigahs,
Wo'k with figahs ;
We smoke ciga-
Wetlets ; and
We will spoil not
Foh we toil not.
We'ah the lilies
Of the land.

THAT LITTUL ORFUN BRAT.

I.

ONCT there was a little boy that hadn't any pa,
An' it wouldn't have been half so bad ef he had had a ma;
But he didn't have no ma nor pa nor any other folks
To spank him or to box his ears or buse him when he'd coax
Fer things they tho't he didn't 'serve or ought to have at all;
An' that's the reason why he had to work when he was small.
An' he didn't get nice things to eat to make him strong and fat
An' they never called him nothing 'cept
"That littul orfun brat."

II.

An' they put him in the fields to work 'fore he was
hardly born ;
So one day when he was hung-er-y, he stealed a ear of
corn ;
An' so they 'bused him terrible an' sent him off to bed,
To a room where great big ghostess keep a-walking
while they're dead :
An' the skellingtons and ghostess kep' a-walking roun'
th' room,
An' a-moaning an' a-groaning in the dark night's awful
gloom ;
But it didn't do 'em any good to carry on like that,
Fer the Lord had heard the prayers of
" That littul orfun brat."

III.

So every day when working he would steal a ear of corn,
An' take it off into the woods an' hide it—in a horn ;
An' after that he took to stealing wheat and oats and
fodder
(Said he, " me mudder she is dead—I never had no
fadder ").
An' then he went to Congress and there stealed from
Uncle Sam,
An' when they told him of it, said he " didn't give a
clam."
They drove him into being bad—he couldn't be blamed
for that :
When sent to Sing Sing you will find
" That littul orfun brat.

TO HIS CIGARETTE.

I.

Aw theah! my pwetty, pwecious cigawette,
Yoah gwaceful, white-wapped figuah, pet,
Is lovliah fah, to me, you bet,
Than maiden eyes, blonde oah bwunette.

II.

Yoah tendah lips meet mine, and ah!
Sweet inspiwation then I dwah,
And lovely, languid smoke, yuh knaw,
Which çawwies my tiahd soul out fah—

III.

Beyond this wotten wealm of life—
Beyond this howwid, dweadful stwife
Foh bweath to bweathe. You ah my wife;
Theafoah, I'm not with twouble rife.

IV.

I bweathe yoah bweath into my soul;
I let yoah smoke-waves thwoo me woll
You have of me the sole contwol,
Whethah I sit, wun, wide, oah stwoll.

V.

The wohld condemns you, cigawette,
And says that we ah both "well met"
But, pehfumed dahling, pway don't fwet,
Noah chehwish one pooh weak wegwet.

VI.

I am yoah fwiend—we'll die togeathah,
We'ah stwung as with a stwing of leathah;
We'll take no note of men oah weathah,
But buhn, and smoke, and dwop togeathah.

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"YOU GIT UP!"

THERE'S lots of folks that has good times,
There's lots that never does;
But the ones that don't like morning naps
Is the meanest ever wuz.
It's very nice to eat a meal
With pie for its wind-up;
'Tain't haif so sweet's th' nap pa spoils
When he yells "You git up!"

I'd rether lay in bed and snooze,
Jest one small minute more
In the morning when the sunshine
Comes a-sneakin o'er the floor,
Then to go to Barnum's circus or
To own a bull-dog pup.
The meanest thing pa ever said
Wuz "Come now—you git up!"

I like to go in swimming,
And I like to play base ball;
I like to fight and fly a kite,
'N' I sometimes like to bawl;
But them there forty winks of sleep

Pa tries to interrup'
Is better 'n' all. It breaks my heart
When he yells—"You git up!"

I'd stand the hurt and ache and pain
And all the smart and itch
Of having him turn the bed-clothes down
To wake me with a switch,
Ef he 'd on'y jest go 'way
And let me finish up
The nap I started jest before
He yelled out "You git up!"

You bet when I git growed up big
Es rich 'n' old as pa,
'N' never haf to go to school,
Nor work nor stand no jaw,
I'll sleep all day and all night too,
And only jest git up
When I git 'nough sleep to suit me
Ef all the *world* yells "You git up."

HE HADN'T.

IF Loitering Luke had 'a had a rich dad,
He'd 'a made a sure hit in the world, not half bad—
But he hadn't:

If he'd had a "straight flush" in the game of Draw Breath,
He'd have won all Life's Jack Pots, clean up to his death—
But he hadn't:

If Luke had 'a had any hunks of good luck,
He'd 'a swum in the River of Life like a duck,
But he hadn't:

If he'd had a good head – you can't never tell,—
He might wrote a book and he *might* made it sell,—
But he hadn't:

The world has too many such Lukes, who think *Luck*
Is the creed they should follow, not work, nor yet *Pluck:*

They want to live easy on swell Swagger Street
With nothing to do but to breathe, drink and eat
I, myself, am a Luke who no chance ever had
To show what he'd done, if good luck he'd 'a had,
Which he hadn't.

JEALOUS JAKE.

GEE! I wish't I was a rock,
  Yonder on the hill,
Doin' nothin' all day long,
  On'y settin' still;
Jest soliloquizin' like,
  For a century,
On the ups and downs of life.
  Chumps these mortals be!
Human bein's work an' toil,
  Fuss, and fume and fret,
Then they die; but thar's th' rock,
  Jest th' same, you bet.
Rocks don't have no discontent;
  They don't notice things
Which would make 'em like mankind,
  Full of sufferings;
They jest set an' set an' set,
  Soakin' in th' sun;
That's th' kind o' job *I* like!
  Work like *that* is fun!
Trampin' 's all right—in its way—
  Still, I'd rether be
Like a rock thar—in a trance—
  Restin' constantly.

Lazy? Me? Well, *I* do' know!
I m too strong to work!
Like a rock, I seldom move—
Hurts *me* jest to shirk.
'F I could have *my* way on earth
I'd be like a rock;
Wouldn't eat, nor sleep, nor stir—
Wouldn't walk—nor talk;
Wouldn't even dream—or breathe—
Darned ef I would *wash!*
I'd just lay still a thousand years
An' *rest* myself b'gosh!

THE EUROPEAN PLAN.

CH ! Be-dad it bates the divil
How some hotels in Nhu Yark
Fade, an' shlape, an' shkin the people,
Wid a shilver knife and fark:
Shure phin Oi foorst kim among thim
I had plenty of good lip,
But begar ! ut's now,all liver,
And begobs ! Oi've losht me grip.

Yis, ut's wan t'ing phin yure atin'
And another phin yuh shlape,
For they makes their charges double
Phin yuh t'ink they will be chape.
Ye sthep inshide th' dure
Av an atin' house t' ate,
An' th' atin's all in wroitin'
Whech they bring you on a plate :

Thin, phin yez 'ave yer stomach
Full enough to schare yer purse,
Ye pays yer bill and steps out
Faln' bad ut may be worse,
Because ye've lift yer farchune
Ahn th' inshide av th' place;
Thin phin yez want to go to bed,
Ye musht shlape "an yer face."

Ut do shure bate the divil
How they roon thim hotels here,
Phwether uts phwiskey thut yure afther
Or a glass av lager beer;
Ef ut's atin', or ut's lodgin',
You're apayin' phile you're stayin'
And that's the raison phy, Oi t'ink,
They calls 'em Your-apayin'.

PICK'RUL 'N' MUSKYLUNGE.

WULL, I dunno—you take a day like this,
Clear, 'thout no clouds tuh black up things,
'N' jest 'nough coolish breeze tuh blow 'n' kiss
Yer cheek 'n' raise yuh's if you had some wings—
'N en git a boat, an' bait, 'n' tackle, too,
'N' start out drinkun' ozone like a sponge
Wull,—city sport may do for setch es you,
But *I* like ketchun'
Pick'rul 'n' muskylunge.

Thousan' Iluns?—Jest the place, you bet!
Saint Lornce river's awluz full of fish,
'N' jest es smooth, 'n' blue, 'n' clear, 'n' wet
Es any river water yuh cud wish.
Game fish? *Be* they? Wull, I don't care who
Sez they hain't:—way they pull 'n' plunge
Mightn't be no fun fer people setch es you,
But *I'm* fer ketchun'
Pick'rul 'n' muskylunge.

'N en cookun' dinner on th' rocks thar, too!
Fun? Hungry?—I cud eat th' rocks thurselfs
Sometimes, 'n' en not have anuff tuh chew—
Them Ilun rocks is all piled up in shelfs!—

Now every word I say is gospil true !—
I druther git on them thar rocks 'n' lunge
Into th' ole Saint Lornce then tuh do
An'thing 'cept ketch
Pick'rul 'n' muskylunge.

TO A HATPIN.

I would I were a hatpin,
A long and slender hatpin
Within Anita's hair ;
No matter how she bent me,
Provided she ne'er lent me,
I'd be contented there.

* * * * *

Who wouldn't be a hatpin
Provided it were that pin
Anita loves to wear ?
To be so close as that pin
(E'en sweet Anita's hatpin)
I'd any danger dare !

O, long and slender hatpin,—
Do you know where you 're at, pin,
Stuck on Anita's head ?
I'd be an autocrat pin,
A swell, aristocrat pin,
Were I there in your stead.

McLEAN'S BATH.

McLEAN is cleanly, that is true,
And be it further said,
That every night he takes a bath
Before he goes to bed.
No matter what the circumstance—
No matter what the hour,—
He sobers up, ere he retires,
With frigid plunge or shower;
The other night he went home late—
He'd kissed the flowing bowl
To such extent that walking was
With him a twisted roll;
His wife, asleep, with light turned down
Was wakened by the fuss
McLean created, in his bath,
With many a spluttered cuss;

She turned the gas on and sat up
As Mac came into view
When, with a hic! and leer, he said:
"H'lo! m' dear, zhat you?"
"Of course, it's me! who'd you expect?"
Said she, with frozen face:
With towel across his shoulders and
With laughable grimace,
Mac looked her over and remarked:
"Jesh had a nicsh cold bash,
An' now I'm rubbin' down myshelf
Wizh zish here towel of crash!"
"Well, said his wife, with smile concealed,—
"Go back and soak your head
And take off those wet underclothes
Before you come to bed!"

UNAWARES.

I.

ONCE they was a man
Without no hairs;
And his head was shiny and smooth,
Just like a egg that's fresh from the layers
And his mouth only had one tooth,
And some wicked, wicked boys
Met this poor old man,
And they telled him to
"Go up, Bald Head!"
But they didn't see the bears,
Comin' on 'em unawares;
So now the bad boys is dead.

II.

And at a other time,
Some Philistine folks,
'At lived where Samson did,
Was hotty, and was proud,
And was always makin' jokes,
'Bout the Samson's family kid;
So what did Samson do
To bring 'em to time,
But hit 'em with a jawbone on the head!
And that was worst than bears
Comin' on 'em unawares
For now the bad folks is dead.

III.

And once they was a man
Called Jonah, for short,
That wouldn't do no work for the Lord,
And he tumbled off a boat
'Bout a mile from port,
And got swallered by a whale for reward;
But he tasted awful bad,
And it made the poor whale sick
So he landed poor Jonah on his head,
And they wasn't any bears
Comin' on 'em unawares;
But Jonah and the whale both is dead.

IV.

An' they was a other man named Dan-i-yell
What was much too good for to eat;
For they throwed him in a den
Where some lyings was, but then,
Danny was the wrong kind of meat;
For the lyings smelt around
On the floor and on the ground
An' they didn't touch his feet nor his head;
But ef any big bears
Had come on 'em unawares
You bet the big bears 'ud be dead.

V.

An' they was a other woman
An' they was a other man,
What lived a long time ago:
An they lied all day
An' they lied all night,
Like people does now, you know;
An' once, they told a whopper—
A reg'lar clock-stopper—
An' they got it right here, near the head,
An' when the big bears
Went to catch 'em, unawares,
Ananias and Sophira was dead.

VI.

An' once they was a woman,
An' once they was a man,
What lived in th' Garden of Eden ;
An' they diddunt do no work,
An' they diddunt wear no clothes,
An' they diddunt pay nothin' for their feedin',
But Eve, she et a apple
An' lost her job,
For a serpent, he turned her head ;
An' when the big bears
Went to eat 'em unawares,
Both Adam an' Eve was dead.

VII.

So if any little girls or any little boys,
Or folks that's growed up big,
Don't stop a-being bad,
And a-making so much noise,
And p'etending they don't care a fig,
They'll find that after a while—
Jest es like es not—
Maybe when they jest went to bed,
They'll be some awful bears
Comin' on 'em unawares ;
And then the bad folks 'll be dead.

THE UNDER DOG.

I PITY the man who is in distress—
  I'm for the under dog!
Though he make of life a woful mess,
  I'm for the under dog;
Be he a man without friends or purse,
Let him remember it might be worse,
Let him not dispair on his mournful jog;
  I'm for the under dog!

The upper dog doesn't always beat—
  I'm for the under dog!
He often fails though his own conceit;
  I'm for the under dog!
Let the under dog just watch and wait;
A time may come, ere it be too late,
When he'll find his fortune has been incog.
  I'm for the under dog!

Many there are who never succeed—
I'm for the under dog!
Because they never have *tried* to lead;
  I'm for the under dog!

They seem to forget that, to win the fight,
They've got to hustle, with all their might,
And climb up out of the failure-fog ;
I'm for the under dog !

O, under dog, you have need of friends,
I'm for the under dog !
And you'll get them, too, till your struggle ends ;
I'm for the under dog !
Just battle along, like all-possessed ;
You'll feel, if you fail, that you've done your best
To scramble out of Mis-fortune's bog
I'm for the under dog !

HOW DAT COON CAN KISS!

I.

HE ain't yallah, he is brack,
Wiv a long an' bony back,
But, Golly! How dat coon can kiss!
His feet goes all de gaits,
An' his eyes, dey isn't mates,
But, Golly! How dat coon can kiss!
When de kissin' game he's pushin'
Den his lips is like er cushion,
Golly! How dat coon can kiss!
When dat niggah shet's he's eyes
Den yo' tas' ob paradise,
Lorda massa! How dat coon can kiss!

CHORUS.

If yuh wants to heah ob kissin'
Why des' listen, listen, listen,
Twell I tell yuh what dat coon can do,
His uppah lip point no'f,
An' his undah lip point souf,
An' bofe ob dem is moist wiv honey dew;
He done grapse yuh roun' de wais'
An' he smooves yo' velvet face

Wiv he's kissah while he squeezes yuh, like dis!
Dere am gobs ob niggahs biggah
But wiv him dey cuts no figgah
Gosh a-massy! How dat coon can kiss!

II.

Dis coon aint got no chahms
On de outside ob he's ahms
But, Lawdy! How dat coon can kiss!
He don't take no sudden grip
On a lady's ruby lip—
Lawdy! How dat coon can kiss!
He des kiss huh heah an' deyah,
On de eye an' on de haih—
Lawdy! How dat coon can kiss!
An' when huh gig-lamps glisten
Den huh lips are glued to his'n,
Hallelujah! How dat coon can kiss!

CHORUS.

III.

Oddah coons may know dier books
An' dey may be great on looks—
O, Hebbens! How dat coon can kiss!
But dis niggah knows de way
How to take yo' breff away—
Glory! How dat coon can kiss!

If he evah kisses you
No one else will evah do—
Glory! How dat coon can kiss!
Dat coon don't know no mo'
Dan de handle on de do'
But Bress yo haht! He *do* know how to kiss!

VERSUS SAD,--SOMEWHAT.

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THE EX-BURGLAR.

I HAVEN'T burgled any since
A year ago to-day,
And the reason for it
Came about this way;
'Twas just the night when Santa Claus
Was running things himself,
And I might have knowed
I wouldn't git no pelf;
I sneaked into a handsome house
The night was growing late—
And was hunting round the
Dining room for plate,
When, suddenly, I heard a noise
Which made me pull my gun
And point it where I thought
I heard some one;
With my finger on the trigger
I was ready for a fight,
When a baby voice said sweetly
Through the night:
"Say, Santa Tlaus, I fink you're mean,
To teep me waiting so!
I 'spected you a hour or two ago:
I didn't hear no reindeers and

I didn't hear no noise;
Say,—where is all your
Bundle full of toys?
My papa's dawn to heaven
An' my mamma, she's asleep
An' I wish you'd fill her
Stocking up a heap.
Tum! Huwwy up, ol' Santa Tlaus!
Dere's no one here but me
And mamma who's too
Sound asleep to see!"
Well,—say! The kid kep' talking
Till she got me all unmanned
And then she came and
Took me by the hand:
"Dear Santa Tlaus," she prattled on
"My mamma says dat oo
Is de bestest man in
All de world, for true!
I wish dat oo would wake her up
An' tell her not to cwy
So much betaus dey
Let my papa die."
Well, knowing there was not a man
In all the house to dread,
I let the child lead
To her mother's bed:
"See, mamma, here is Santa Tlaus!
Wake up and tell him, dear,

How dood I've been for 'most
A whole big year !"
Say ! May the good God bless that babe,
And keep her pure and white !
She cleaned my wicked soul
Of sin that night ;
For, there upon a counterpane,
As soft as angel's breath,
The mamma lay with-
In the arms of Death.
I didn't wake her mamma. I just
Stooped and kissed the kid,
And I didn't rob the house ; I
Simply slid.
But before I left the room I rocked
That precious one to rest
Right here acrost my rough
And wicked breast :
Then I laid her on the counterpane,
Beside the dead one's arm,
And prayed that God would
Keep her from all harm ;
And then I went,—a-chokin' like—
And wipin' of my eye—
And if I rob again I hope to die !
No,—I haven t burgled any since
A year ago to-night—
A baby set me, then, agoing right ;
And I shall *stay* right if I starve:

I'll go beneath the sod
With conscience clean enough
To meet my God.

TENNYSON.

A harp, whose melody charmed earth,
Till angels, listening, caught its tone
And, deeming it of heavenly worth,
Recalled it to the Master's throne.

BELINDA.

SHREDDED sunshine, tinged with amber,
Rich beyond compare,
Is the soft and silken substance
Of Belinda's hair:

Turquoise eyes and lips of rose-leaf—
Features all of grace,—
Jewels set in rare complexion,
Form Belinda's face:

Drifted snow, of melting softness,
  Without flaw or speck—
This, in pulsing, rounded whiteness,
  Is Belinda's neck.

Fabrics wonderful and costly,
  As her father knows,
When he meets the bills enormous,
  Are Belinda's clothes:

Kid and cloth and many buttons,
  Laces, if you choose,—
Narrow soles, with heels of standing,
  Are Belinda's shoes:

Slender, long, aristocratic—
  This, you'll understand,
Holdeth my poor heart in keeping,—
  'Tis Belinda's hand.

These few lines describe Belinda—
  Girl superb and grand—
But the thing I sigh and die for,
  Is Belinda's hand.

BABY'S THOUGHT.

WHEN I dot up dis morning
I fought I'd fink a bit
About dis boo'ful, grea' big world,
An' de folks dat live in it ;
So I dess turned over in my cwib
And cuddled in a ball,
An' den I fought an' fought an' fought,
But couldn't fink at all.

De fings would tum into my head
  An' den dey would pop out
Befo' I dot a chance to know
  What dey was all about;
Dess one fought I wemembah,
  An' dat one you must know
Was nuffin but dese little words:
  I love my mamma so!

I twied to fink about my nurse,
  Dat howwid, cross old fing,
Dat doesn't let me wun and jump
  Nor play, nor anyfing;
I tried to fink dat she was dood,
  An' sweet an' kind—but oh,
De fought would always tum like dis—
  I love my mamma so

My papa's pretty dood, you know,
  But den *he* is a *man*,
An' mans tan't love us little folks
  As much as mamma tan;
An' de on'y fought dat I could fink
  About de folks I know
Would always tum out dess like dis—
  I love my mamma so!

ON THE BIRTH OF BABY BOY.

The skies are not so blue, my babe,
As they were yesterday;
God used some blue for eyes for you
That you might see the way:

In heaven there's less of angel-down
Than there was yesterday,
For God used some with which to crown
Thy dainty head, they say:

The roses, sweet, are not so pink
As they were yesterday,
For God took tints from them, dear babe
To tone thy precious clay:

The breezes gentler are, *petite*,
Than they were yesterday,
For God took breath from them, for thee,
That thou mightst learn to pray:

There's more of joy on earth, to-day,
Than there was yesterday,
For God then showed thy tender feet
From heaven to earth, the way.

MILDRED.

DEAR, delightful, dainty Mildred,
With her soft, sweet, saintly ways,
Came from heaven, as comes the sunshine,
To make beautiful the days.

Gentleness and grace came with her;
Came there also beauty, rare;
And a smooth and silken softness
Lingered in her lustrous hair.

All who knew fair Mildred loved her;
Queen of winsomeness was she:
She was "all the world" to others—
God knows what she was to me!

* * * * *

With her, yonder in the churchyard,
Sleeps my heart—sweet Mildred's dead:
That, my dear sir, is the reason
Why I'm forty and not wed.

MY LADY.

A CURTAIN of snow
With fringe of silk,
Raised by a lover's sigh,
Revealing a pure—
A precious soul,
And *that* is my lady's eye ;

A crescent of pearl
Of tender pink—
A pearl without a peer—
Receptacle
For Holy sound,
And *that* is my lady's ear ;

Two crimson curves
Of velvet, rich,
Which rose-leaves far eclipse—
Divine abode
Of kisses, rapt,
And *these* are my lady's lips ;

A silken web
Of finespun gold—
Crown for a queen to wear—
Web which holds
My willing heart,
And *this* is my lady's hair;

A figure of grace—
Of equipoise—
A kindly heart and warm—
Composite of
Perfections, all,
And *that* is my lady's form;

Beauty, purity,
Gentleness;
Freedom from sordid pelf—
God's own feminine
Masterpiece,—
And *that* is my lady's self.

I'D LOVE THEE.

HADST thou no other charm, dear one,
Than hair kissed by the golden sun,
I'd love thee!

Hadst naught save eyes of hazel tone,
Dear heart, sweetheart, my life—my own,
I'd love thee!

Hadst but thy graceful, shapely form,
Or thy dear kisses, rich and warm,
I'd love thee!

Hadst not the crown of wisdom's wreath,
Hadst only pearls of pearls, thy teeth,
I'd love thee!

But thou hast more, dear one, than these;
Thou'st every grace e'er known to please,
I more than love thee.

THE DIFFERENCE.

(THE MAN.)

A MAN fell in love. What was that to him?
'Twas all. 'Twas the breath of his life—'twas a hymn
Of the soul, whose music and rhythm and ring
In sweetness surpassed songs the angels sing.
He loved. Loved a maiden whose wonderful eyes
Were to him as the lamps of a Paradise;
He loved. That was all, but it filled up his life
So that all of his thought was of *marriage* and *wife.*
Was she blond or brunette? Was she beautiful? Rare?
In the gloss and the glisten of her silken hair
All the glory of earth was for him. But, again,
To others, mayhap, she was painfully plain.
Enough 'twas, for him, that he loved. Yet—he lost;
He loved and he lost—and he since has been tossed
On the winds of Inconstancy—*he* could not wed
With a heart and a soul not buried, though dead.

(THE MAID.)

A maid fell in love. What was that to her?
For the moment, 'twas heav'n. 'Twas a rustle—a stir

Of the strings of her heart. 'Twas a vision of bliss
'Twas a moment of happiness bought with a kiss
She loved. Loved a man—the only thing
On the earth in the image of God—her King.
She loved. That was all—but she never forgot
That if she lost one others were to be caught.
Was he handsome and manly and capable—strong?
Was he upright and honest? Had he done no wrong?
That was nothing to her. In the cling of his kiss,
In his clasp and caress there was nothing but bliss.
Enough 'twas, for her, that she loved—yet, she lost;
She loved and she lost. Has *she* since been tossed
On the winds of Inconstancy? Yes, stricken dove!
But they blew her to where she again fell in love.

MARY.

If an angel with a vision
That could pierce the threads of night,
Were to gaze from heaven's window
Till the earth should meet her sight,
My dear sweetheart's gentle face upturned
In pray'r to heaven, afar,
Would appear unto the angel as

A softly glowing star ;
If her gentle breath were wafted
To the angels thro' the gloom,
It would render heaven sweeter
With its exquisite perfume ;
Ah! the sunlight and the moonlight
Both are jealous of her eyes!
For there are such tones of light
In them as glow in Paradise ;
The red rose lives in envy of
The tint upon her cheek,
And sweetest music thrills the air
If she but sing or speak.
Dresden China to the whiteness
Of her skin cannot compare,
Nor fine velvet to the softness
Of her undulating hair ;
She is femininity complete—
Yet masculine, in part,
For she possesses,—bless her soul!—
A *man's*,—my own whole heart.

BEAUTIFUL ALPINE ROSE.

HIGH on a mountain's summit sat
A bowlder, noble, grand,—
A kingly rock, from whose white throne
Creation could be scanned.
The great, wide world was at his feet;
He nothing lacked, it seemed;
Yet, in majestic loneliness,
This mountain monarch dreamed;
He dreamt in solitude and wept,
High in his home above—
Wept o'er his loneliness; and dreamt—
Of affection and of love.
His tear-drops fell in cascades, white,
Which wove a veil of lace
Of rare design, which beautified
The mountain's rugged face
And lent refreshing moisture to
The verdure at its feet,
Amid which drooped a blushing rose
Of fragance passing sweet.
She, too, craved love; but love came not—
Her heart broke with a sigh—
She pined and drooped in agony,

And prayed that she might die;
But in the tear-drop of the rock
Some gentle magic spoke
A whispered "Hope" unto her heart.
The word her soul awoke
And she looked up - far up the height
And recognized *her king.*
Then stretched she dainty tendrils forth—
Love-arms; which, following
His tender glances reached far up
Across the mountain's face,
And wrapped the lonesome monarch in
A sweet, long, love-embrace.
The sunbeams danced at the wedding feast;
The wedding-march was sung
By myriad birds of million trees,
Whose delicate branches, hung
With mistletoe and orange blow,
Bent gracefully to kiss
The mountain's pride, the monarch's bride,
Whose wedding-robe was bliss.
Oh, theirs was the rarest wedding-day
The earth had ever known;
Queen Happiness blessed the wondrous pair
And claimed them for her own.
For years they dwelt in his grand abode
Mid avalanche, ice and snows;
And the offspiring of their union was,
The beautiful Alpine Rose.

VELVET NELL.

WHY velvet? This: there's that in her
More gentle than a kitten's purr;
It is a voice, so soft—so sweet,—
That when she speaks, Time is too fleet;
And I would have him pause a year
To pour such music in my ear.
Aye, rich am I, in love's rare spell,
With dear, delightful, Velvet Nell.

And then, she has jet, rippling hair;
Her gentle eyes, with lustre, rare,
Mellow and calm, look into mine
With tenderness soft, sweet, divine.
Her supple form is full of grace;
Queen Beauty framed her oval face;
'Twere heaven, for me, fore'er to dwell
With dearest, sweetest, Velvet Nell.

Ah, rich am I! So rich to-day,
That I could buy the world; and pay
For strings of stars with which to deck
Her graceful arms and beauteous neck.
My riches are not wealth of gold,
But wealth of love—love manifold;
Wouldst know who thus enriched me? Well,
Her name, to me, is Velvet Nell.

YOU.

In the consonants and vowels
Of the alphabet of Life
There are many golden letters,
    It is true;
But there's one whose horseshoe curve
Sways and thrills my every nerve—
    It is U.

In Life's wondrous Eden Garden
There are many graceful trees
With foliage of most
    Delightful hue;
But there's one whose tints and tones
My soul s color only owns—
    It is Yew.

In the Shepherd's tender fold
There are many gentle lambs
Who white-walled walks of
    Innocence pursue;
But there's one whose purity
Hallows even sinful me—
    It is Ewe.

In the fragrant Fields of Love
Many buds and blossoms grow;
They are Beauty's daughters—wonder-
Ful to view;
But there's one beyond compare,
Which God lets my lone heart wear—
It is You.

SWEETHEART.

WERE all the dear pet names of earth
  Woven into a rope
Of love expressions, eloquent,
  Binding their souls to hope;
Were "Darling," "Dear One," "Dearest Love,"
  Links of a long love-chain,
Holding together hearts and hopes
  Of happy lovers twain,
The chain would burst asunder
  And the love rope fall apart,
Before thy magic strength and charm,
  Dearest of names, Sweetheart.
O, Sweetheart, Sweetheart, happy name!
  Sexless, born of love,
Never was heard a sweeter word
  In earth or heaven above.

"Mother" and "Daughter," "Father" and "Son,"
  Are words rever'd and blest,
But Sweetheart holds a meaning
  Far above, beyond the best;

In " Husband " there is wondrous worth,
  There's happiness in " Wife,"
But sweetheart runneth over with the ecstacy of life.
  Ambition, Honor, Wealth and Fame
May throb and thrill the heart,
  But they and all the names of earth,
Compare not with Sweetheart.
O, Sweetheart, Sweetheart, word divine!
  Thou art a flaming coal;
Illumining with light of love,
  The windings of my soul.

JUNE.

JUST now the season of the year approaches,
When lethargy upon our strength encroaches.
The street boy's merry whistle wilteth,
And many a Jack his Jill now jilteth,
Because he is so tired, forsooth,
He cannot love: the wretched youth!
Business now goes "To the dogs,"
For men are like so many logs:
And all the living things of earth
Lop languidly in rank unworth;
Repose, tranquility, slumber, rest,
Cumber the land from east to west,
And zephyrs make a dust of mud;
Leaves leave, flies fly, and buds do bud.
The *dolce far niente* of the year—
Sweet, good-for-nothing time is here,
And naught but new air can relieve her,
For June is stricken with spring fever.

IF I WERE RICH TO-DAY.

If I were rich to-day
I'd cease this never-ending strife for bread
Ere all the sunshine of my life were fled;
My castles then would be of more than air;
I'd cut acquaintanceship with trouble—care,
And there would be no chance for ugly toil,
My grand ambitions and my hopes to foil,
If I were rich to-day.

If I were rich to-day
My heart should dictate what my hand should do;
Good deeds, and smiles, and gold I'd wisely strew;
Those souls of many sufferings whom I know
Would rather suffer torments, far, than show
That naught on earth is theirs to own, but pride,
Would learn to know and love me as their guide:
If I were rich to-day.

If I were rich to-day
I'd follow Fancy's footsteps through the earth
With sober moods, I'd temper joy and mirth,
And I would toil, rest, *do* exactly as I chose
Until, bowed low, 'neath many winters' snows,
I passed away in consciousness that I
Had known well how to live, and how—to die;
If I were rich to-day.

SADIE.

LADY SADIE?—Love her?—I?—
Certainly. Would you know why?
Well, she's good; and, furthermore,
She loves me. Eh?—Forty-four;
That's my age. You can't see how
Sweet Sixteen can love me now?
Listen! This is gospel truth:
My heart is only in its youth.
Bald?—And gray?—And wrinkled?—Yes,
Just a trifle, I confess.
Baldness lends one polish, tho',
And gray hair, honor, don't you know?
Wrinkles?—have you ne'er been told
They are but dimples growing old?
Sadie loves me. This I know,
For she's often told me so.
Is she a beauty?—No, not quite;
There are complexions just as white;
Eyes there are which hers eclipse:
Other girls have rose-leaf lips;
Her cheek is not a "blushing rose,"
Her teeth not "pearls."—As for her nose,

Upon it here and there's a spot—
A freckle—sun forget-me-not.
She's not "divine,"—she's human :—yet,
She is a dear—a precious pet—
A girl of strength, and health, and sense,
Of heart and soul, and innocence.
How often I've embraced and kissed her!
Don't be surprised!—she is my sister.

GRANDMA'S ROMANCE

HAD I no romance in my early life?
No love affair?—No Cupid strife?
Why, lass,—thou put'st me to the blush!
Thou teasing one! Would'st know? Well, hush!

Ah, silly me! How 'shamed I feel!
Wilt ne'er divulge what I reveal?
Well, then—see!—There he is?
Was ever eye or brow like his?

Look, lass! How fair and frank the face!
Is he not noble, manly, full of grace?
What's that, lass? Crying, am I? No-o!—
It's all because I loved him so.

You see I was but eighteen then,
And—there! I see his face again!
Smiling upon the pretty wife
That he has chosen for all life.

Break my heart, granddaughter?—No,
Not exactly; but the blow
Was severe on two or three,
Gran'pa always *did* love *me*.

THE REST.

WHEN sombre night sweeps down upon the earth,
There cometh over all, a drought,—a dearth
Of goodly light: and, candles, lit of men,
Strive, without profit, to illumine again
The shadows which the gloom-gods kindly keep
To cover man when they would have him sleep;
But unwise, nervous, selfish, restless man,
Striveth t' improve upon great Nature's plan;
Striveth to supplant recuperative night with day,
And run affairs of earth in his peculiar way,
Thus thinking to enjoy more hours of life
Laden with happiness and unfraught with strife.

Vainglorious and unseeing man, desist!
And know thou, that the laws of God resist
Successfully all efforts to reverse
The workings of His perfect universe.
Thou'lt find that if thou mak'st thy night all day,
Throw'st slumber to the dogs, that thou may'st play,
Tak'st not what time thou should'st for needed rest,
'Twill "be all day with thee," amongst the blest.

MAY.

MAY—the month when pretty flowers,
Blossom and bloom because of showers;
The fair, mild month in which we'd give
Our hopes of Heav'n fore'er to live;
The month whose perfumed breath we breathe,
The month whose flowers around us wreathe
Happiness, hopefulness and content,
Entwined with sprigs of wonderment
At thought that we, whose lives have been
Wintry, and cold, and splotched with sin,
Are privileged thus to share the fate
Of Nature's favorites, small or great.
May's are the days in which all things
Are lifted up as though on wings;
May's are the days of pure delight,
May's hours and moments are all white.

INCONSTANCY TO LOVE.

O WEAVE for me a web of fancy
  Subtle as thought itself,
The woof of which shall be the love
  That binds us self to self:

And make me a fret-work, golden,
  Of chaste and happy thought,
To ornament this web of love,
  This work that you have wrought:

This scarf of filagreed love and lace—
  This fabric of filmy form–
This dainty gauze—this essence, mere,
  Shall keep my cool heart warm:

Shall twine itself about my soul
  As a protecting screen
'Gainst evil thoughts of you, sweetheart—
  Of you, my own, my queen:

And it shall be a bandage soft
  For heart-wounds you have giv'n,
Shall be a lash with which weak doubt
  Shall be from my heart driven:

This portiere shall enwrap my life,
  Shall tangle itself anew
To fit the phases of my moods,—
  Shall hold me true to you.

BEATRICE.

WHO ?—Beatrice ?—
Of course she's young,
Else were my song for her unsung.
If she were wrinkled, old and gray
Think you she'd hold my heart in sway ?
Do ?—She does as she likes with me,
For I'm in love with her, you see.
Help it !—I ?—I tried, you know :
But can I check Niagara's flow ?
Can I put brake upon the gale,
Or stop the Sun's majestic sail?
And if I could, and they were sweet
As love for her, yea, I repeat,
I'd not the faintest finger raise
To check them in their sev'ral ways.
What matter, though she love me not ?
What tho' she be by others sought ?
What tho' she riches have : and I
Have scarce enough a coat to buy ?
What tho' she toy with me and flirt ?
There's pleasure even in her hurt.
To love her is enough for me--
To marry would be bigamy ;
For she now has a handsome " hub,"
And I am wedded to the club.

A BROWN STUDY.

"SHE loves me, she loves me not."
I pulled a marguerite apart,
And as the petals dropped, I thought
How like this flower is my poor heart!
Each day of life a petal is,
And as the days drop into space
Down go my hopes and up go his—
My rival with a whiter face.
There is a shadow in my blood
Which taints and tinges my pure soul;
The sins of fathers since the flood
Are visited on me. A coal
Was rubbed against our humble race
And blackened us long years ago;
The shadows linger in my face
And fill me with a weight of woe.
Oh! Would that they had blotted out
Ability to love, for, then
I would be free from horrid doubt,
And could win love as other men.
The petals—days—are falling fast;
With this, "she loves;" with that, "loves not."
Oh! Cupid, point me to the last.
I'm nothing—may she love me, *naught*.

A RAINY DAY.

THE lachrymal glands of the
Heavens have burst,
And prodigal tears of woe
Are coursing down
Dame Nature's cheek
Drenching us as they go:
But when all her sorrow
Has leaked out in tears,
And the glint of the sun
Makes her smile,
Mankind will be happy—
Will bottle its grief
And put all its troubles on file.

ALONE.

WHERE land the ships from foreign coasts,
Which brings us immigrant throngs and hosts,
There stood
A mother, young, and fair and sweet,
Whose child begged at her weary feet
For food:
Lost for a moment from the rest
Of her companions—hurried West—
This wife,
Husbandless, languageless, moneyless, unknown,
Wept by the wayside, desolate and lone
In life.
Those looked, who passed that way, and said,
"Better for both if they were—dead;"
And I,
Friendless myself, and sad, had thought
That I, alone, had been forgot
On high.

* * * * *

Ye angels of the Golden City,
Pray mourn, with me, the death of pity!
I own
I had not, ere this came to me,
Known what it was to *live—to be*
Alone.

THE PRAYER OF THE DYING GIRL.

Our Father which art in heaven—
(Her voice was tremulous, low and sweet
As she knelt at the Master's feet.)
Hallowed be thy name—
(The fragile fingers, softly clasped,
Seemed by the Saviour's grasped)
Thy Kingdom come—Thy will—be done
(And her delicate, dainty, graceful head
Fell wearily o'er the bed)
On—on earth as 'tis—in heaven.
Give—give us—this day—our daily bread
(But the maiden's prayer for bread was vain—
She would ne'er need that again)
For—forgive us our debts—as we forgive
Our—our debtors :
(Faint and yet fainter fell each word
From lips which scarcely stirred)
And lead us not into—
(A sob in the voice of her supplication
Smothered the word "temptation)"
But (a whisper came) deliver us from—evil
(And then, as tho' her soul awoke,
With tearful smile she spoke)

For thine is the kingdom,—the power
And the—glory, forever, and ever,
(The pale face drooped o'er the pillow then,
And God heard the sweet Amen).

ON THE DEATH OF GEN. SHERMAN.

AND thus to live!—And thus to die!
Dead hero,—Sherman, would that I
Might, from the pattern of thy life,
Learn how to conquer in the strife
The rough world wages 'gainst all men
From birth, until they're "born again."
Thy walk thro' life, as all men know,
Was steady, sturdy—pure as snow;
Armies of men rejoiced to be
With Sherman, "Marching to the sea."
A mighty nation wept with joy
O'er victories of her—*soldier boy*,
And would have given thee, warrior grand,
The greatest gift within the land;
But thou—more modest, e'en, than brave,
Desired naught save a soldier's grave.
Peacemaker, thou: and God hath said:
Such "shall be blessed" and "comforted;"
Ergo, we mourn, but do not weep:
Sleep with thy God; in comfort, sleep.
Men grown great thro' labors grand,
Are jewels polish'd by th' Master's hand;
And thou, dead hero of renown,
Art jewel worthy any crown.

PERFECTION.

ONE soft, still night when all the earth
A slumbrous silence kept,
An angel troop, from realms of rest,
Peacefully earthward swept:

Winging their way in the white-moon down,
On through the ether of night,
Swiftly they swept, with silver stars
Crowning their brows, as light

Wherewith to search for that they sought
Over the face of earth;
—A sacred spot in which to hide,
A something of wondrous worth.

A gem? A germ? A ray of light
With which to guide men well
Into the path of rectitude?
Out of the way of hell?

Nay, none of these; and yet, them all—
A quality supreme,
To attain which, for eons past
Has been a human dream:

Forthwith they sped from pole to pole ;
'Round earth, then 'round again,
Until, at last, they came to halt
Over a sage's brain ;

" A fitting receptacle this," one said
" For our treasure—safe, secure.
Shall we bury it here in this Kingdom of Thought ?
Earth has no spot more pure."

" Not so ! Not here !" cried she called Truth,
" This mind is tinged with doubt ;
It may not contain this grand degree
Till that be driven out."

Anon, they paused and poised themselves
Over the couch of a King ;
But the Angel of Wisdom cried, " Not here !
We must onward, onward wing."

* * * * * *

And the tired moon slept, and the faint stars fell
And the night wind kissed the dawn ;
Yet the wearisome search of the tireless band
Kept ever on—kept on

Till, just as the morn was fitting on
The sunshine, as a glove,
They found a place for Perfection
In the heart of my sweet love.

DEAD—A TRAMP.

DEAD—a tramp! forty, or thereabouts in years,
With full beard, grayed and straggling o'er a sunken face.
Friends?—There were none—there were no tears,
No tender touches and no prayers to God to grant him grace.
Stark there he lay upon the cold, wet pavement of the street;
Unkempt, unclean, a loathsome, hideous bundle of decay.
Dead and alone!—a tramp, a vagrant—mayhap, "beat;"
A dark, uncanny and uncared-for mass of clay.
Of Hunger?—Yes, for Hunger, his arch enemy yet friend,
Had seen the broken heart within and then had gnawed
Into the core of life and brought it to an end
Hurrying the wrecked soul onward to its God.
His right hand, as he lay, was half concealed
Beneath the fold of rags upon the silenced breast,
As tho' the fingers to the struggling heart appealed
In one mute, motionless and last request.

Dead—a tramp! Unsung, unwept, a son of God,
Gone with a mournful smile upon his pallid face
To join the throng who have "passed 'neath the rod,
With halting footsteps they can ne'er retrace.
Yes, dead; but pressed within the fingers o'er the heart
A sign—the concentration of a father's earthly love—
A baby's shoe—a wee, soiled token, but a precious part
Of her whose soul he searches for above.

ANGEL-LAND—A LULLABY.

COME, baby, dear, let me rock you to rest,
Here in your swinging and swaying warm nest.
Aren't you weary of toddling all day?—
Weary of dollies and all sorts of play?
Come, then, sweetheart, with your tangled hair tossed,
Come, be with mamma in slumberland lost.

Down go the curtains o'er baby's brown eyes,
Its little soul wanders in dream-paradise;
In angel-land, dear, dwells your brother in bliss,
Oh, bear to him, baby, mamma's tender kiss.

Wander on, oh, wander on, thro' slumberland in joy,
And if you meet your brother, greet my darling angel boy.
Tears and kisses, kisses and tears—mamma sends both with thee,
Oh, if you meet our angel, sweet, bring back a kiss for me.

What, baby dear, are you smiling about?
Why are your cunning sweet lips in a pout?
Have you found brother? He looks just like you,
Except that his eyes aren't hazel, but blue.

Blessing! You've found him! I know by your smile,
But mamma can wait for the kisses awhile.

Don't raise the curtains of baby's brown eyes!
Frolic with him in your dream-paradise;
In angel-land play with your brother in bliss,
And give him for mamma another sweet kiss.

Wander on, oh, wander on, in slumberland in joy,
Whene'er you meet your brother, greet my darling angel boy.
Tears and kisses—kisses, not tears—mamma has many for thee,
If, having met your brother, pet, you bring back a kiss for me.

O HAVE you ne'er heard of Babyville,
That wonderful city, just over the hill,
Over the hill where the little ones live
Such as doctors to mammas and papas give?
There are millions and millions of children there,
Pink and white darlings with nothing to wear;
They are rounded and dimpled from head to feet,
Such bundles of sweetness as one could eat:
Ah, have you forgotten this Babyville?
This beautiful city, just over the hill?

Don't you remember when you were there?
A wee, crowing creature, without teeth or hair?
Do you forget that the houses are cribs,
Whose inmates are babies that never wear bibs?

That these houses, in rows, form the beautiful streets.
And that angels alone are the nurses one meets?
Isn't it strange that the people of earth
Should ever pass out thro' the gateway of Birth,
If they could remain in this Babyville?
This wonderful city, just over the hill?

Nobody there ever teases or scolds;
The babies are strangers to colics and colds;
Measles and chicken-pox never annoy
The least little mite of a girl or a boy.
If ever you would at this place take a peep,
Just open your eyes when you're fast asleep,
And you'll find that a soft, fleecy cloud kindly rolls
'Twixt everything rude and these dear little souls
Who slumber at peace in this Babyville,
This wonderful city, just over the hill,

There are cute pickaninnies and papooses, too;
There are babies with eyes of black, hazel and blue,
There are Japanese babies and babies Chinese,
There are babes of all nations, all styles and degrees;
And at Triplet Corners, where Twin Row begins,
There are thousands and thousands of triplets and twins.
Say, have you forgotten just how the place looks?
There are pictures of it in all baby dream-books;
You can get them for nothing in Babyville,
This wonderful city, just over the hill.

The streets in this city have curious names:
There are Gladys and Harry Streets, Mabel and James;
There is Karl Street, and Ruby and Florence and
Bessie;
And, right at the corner of Jack Street and Jessie
Stands a wee little bit of an empty white cot,
From which your sweet babe by the doctor was brought
From this beautiful city of Babyville,
This wonderful city, just over the hill.

* * * * * *

And *you* are responsible; keep its life white.—
May it be to you ever a joy—a delight;
And when *you* are born again, as you must be
Ere you dwell in the Halls of Eternity,
May they lull you to rest in the same tiny cot
Where formerly slumbered your own little tot.

THE STREAM OF LIFE.

LET us linger here on the mountain lee
And gaze on the Stream of Life,
As it flows from the cradle of Infancy,
Thro' the magical meadows of Youth and strife,
O'er the rocks of Misfortune, with roughness rife,
Till it enters the Old Age sea!

How it murmurs along, as a babe new-born,
This beautiful stream—care free!
How it merrily glides thro' childhood's bourne,
With never a thought of the morrow's morn,
Laughing the sorrowful world to scorn
And singing a ringing glee!

How it *surges* and *pours* thro' the shoals of Youth,
This turbulent Human Stream!
How it reaches the Manhood stage, forsooth,
How it broadens and grows, in its search for truth,
And awakes to the horrible fact, uncouth,
That life is no heavenborn dream!

How it rants and raves! How it twists and curves
This marvelous stream, sublime!
How it sullenly swings and sways and swerves,

How its good behavior it ill preserves
'Neath the hand of the Masterful One it serves
On its way to the Ocean of Time!

Serene at last—to the Land of Nod
The River of Life flows on,
Subdued by the chastening Hand of God—
Purified, clear and deep and broad
It peacefully flows 'neath the magic rod
That opens the Gates of Dawn.

THE PRAYER OF AN OLD, OLD MAN.

COME, ship of the soul, and bear me hence,
Whatever be my doom—
Bear me beyond that barrier
Which mortals call the tomb:

I am *so* weary waiting here,
So tired of human breath!
I long, unspeakably, to know
The other side of death:

I've watched thy moorings, Holy Ship,
For years, with jealous eye:
Have seen thee take aboard fair souls
Not yet prepared to die:
The child, the youth, the middle-aged
Thou hast claimed for thine own,
But me—the ready, *willing* one—
Thou hast left sad and lone;

An old man knows—God knows how well!
What is an old man's worth,
Who, having passed his usefulness,
Still cumbereth the earth:
He is a burden to his friends
And to himself as well;
While waiting for thee, Heavenly Ship,
His life hath much of hell.

Come, blessed, beauteous, stately Ship,
Sail still and safe and fast!
Take me aboard and lash my soul
Close to the Captain's mast!
Leave me no longer desolate,
Wrecked on the shores of Time,
Bear me on wings of golden light
To realms of Bliss Sublime!

SONG.

THERE'S a sunbeam in my soul,
It is love ;
Like some softly glowing coal,
It holds me in warm control,
It is love.

There's a picture 'fore mine eye
It is love :
'Tis a maiden's face, that I
Shall remember till I die,
It is love.

There's a song-bird in my heart
It is love :
Sings it lark's or robin's part,
Ecstasy it doth impart,
It is love.

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EVER SO LONG AGO.

AH, I was as bonny a lad, lass,
  Say those who ought to know,
As ever trod in the tangled grass,
  Ever so long ago.

My walk was firm and my figure trim,
  And my garments were cut just so;
The lasses, dear, were partial to me,
  Ever so long ago.

And one—the dearest—queen of all,
  With cheeks of the rose and the snow,
Captured my fluttering heart one day,
  Ever so long ago.

Did she love me as I loved her?
  Was her answer yes, or no?
Our wedding occurred on a beautiful day,
  Ever so long ago.

How well I remember the honeymoon!
  How I bid the dollars "go!"
And how little I cared, if they brought her delight,
  Ever so long ago.

I worked with a redoubled energy, pet,
Our fortune came sure, but slow,
And little ones came on the wings of love,
Ever so long ago.

Happy? Contented? Delighted with life?
None on the earth were more so;
After the toils of the day there was heaven at home,
Ever so long ago.

But sorrow came, and the joys of life
Were crushed with its weight of woe:
In a fever came Death to our beautiful boy,
Ever so long ago.

'Twas hard to believe that a God so good,
As the one all Christians know,
Could deem it wise to afflict us so,
Ever so long ago,

But we bore the burden and still believed;
Our faith held firm, although
We saw our treasures laid side by side,
Ever so long ago.

A bundle of sweets was our baby girl
Dorothy—last to go:
The cold earth hid her from mortal view,
Ever so long ago.

And our hearts congealed and our spirits broke,
And our tears refused to flow;
And my hopes were buried with children and wife,
Ever so long ago.

Death came so *swift* in those early days,
And now he seems *so* slow;
Would God had ta'en me then, with them,
Ever so long ago;

For, now I am old and sad and alone;
My head is bowed *so* low,
So close to the grave where I fain would have slept,
Ever so long ago.

* * * * * *

I'm *sure* there's a hell! but a heaven? Ah me!
Do you think I shall ever know
A heaven so sweet as the one I lost,
Ever so long ago?

PHANTOMVILLE.

OUT in the centre of Shadowland,
In the county of Dusk and State of Gloom,
With mountains of Darkness on every hand,
Where never a flower was known to bloom,
Where meadows of mist and muck and mould
The bone-covered Valleys of Horror fill,
In the gruesome grove of a skeleton wold,
Is the goblin village of Phantomville.

The streets are paved with the skulls of men;
The houses are Christians' whitened bones;

The citizens, ghosts; who, now and again,
Chant a requiem of sobs and groans;
The rattle of death from the ghost of a bird
On the breath of a breeze of dank air chill,
Is, with spook-moanings, the only sound heard
In this uncanny village of Phantomville.

The ghost of the past lies buried here
And Family Skeletons roam at will;
Abandoned hopes—the Shades of Fear—
The wraith of Love—all human ill—
The chattering, grinning, skulls and bones
Of every earth-born imbecile,
Of every creature grim Death owns,
Abound in this village of Phantomville.

This gloom-veiled, gruesome, ghostly place,
This city of horror, whose wails of woe
Make of man's heart-strings thick grief-lace,
Was, fellow mortals, I'd have you know,
Discovered by me. Alas! My heart
Is strangely weary, sick and chill;
For, since *She* bade me from her part
My soul has been in Phantomville.

THE SAFEST SAFETY WHEEL.

LIFE, my boy, is a bicycle path,
And Work is the Wheel you should ride,
If you would mount to the crest of the hill
And Coast down the other side.

Just oil the machine with cheerfulness
And see that the parts are in trim,
Then straddle the saddle and pedal on
With a ready, steady vim.

Don't start with a rush up the Hill of Life—
Just pedal a medium gate;
Remember that those who "scorch" at first
Are likely to finish late.

Grasp the handle-bars of the Wheel of Work
With a firm hold—not too tight!
Then sit up straight, like a *man*, and *push*—
Push for the Road that's Right

You may wobble a bit, and punctures, too,
May cause you to dismount,
But plug up the holes with smiles and pluck,
They are the plugs which count.

There are other makes of machines than
"Work"—
There's the "Idle," the "Lazy," the "Rest.
And a host of others of tempting style,
But the one called "Work" is best.

It's a low-gear wheel, of homely frame,
But it's safe and sure and strong,
And the man who rides it persistently
Can never in life go wrong.

So straddle the saddle of "Work," my boy,
And push it along with pride,
Tiil you get to the top of the Hill of Life,
Then you'll Coast down the other side.

I SUPPOSE IT IS SO WITH YOU.

WHEN I was a child I was all the world
  To all the world I knew—
A mother, a father, a sister dear,
  And a grown-up brother or two :
I suppose it was so with you.

No other child in all the earth
  Had dimples or curls so cute,
And that I had brains most wonderful
  Was entirely beyond dispute.
I suppose it was so with you.

Whatever I said, whether goo or gaw,
  Or boo-goo-uggle-ug,
Was given remarkable meaning, and I
  Was given a kiss or a hug.
I suppose it was so with you.

No other babe had such beautiful arms,
  Such perfect wee legs and feet,
And none of the children ever born
  Were half so precious and sweet.
I suppose it was so with you.

They were wrapped up in me—I was wrapped
up in clothes,
A monarch of absolute rule.
Alas! for the vanished baby days—
The monarch is now a fool.
I suppose it is so with you.

At least his life is circumscribed—
Is held in, curbed, and checked:
He rules no world—a world rules him;
He lacks money, love, respect.
I suppose it is so with you.

He has learned that most disappointments
come—
Now that he is full-grown—
From expecting more from a heartless world
Than he did in the days long flown.
I suppose it is so with you.

"TOM."

COME on right into the kitchen, man,
And set down by the fire;
You're cold and ragged and dirty, I know,
And ain't got much to admire—
But wipe your feet on the doormat there
And come inside with me:
No one goes hungry away from here
Who asks for charity!
Charity starts at home, they say;
Well, this is *my* home, you bet!
And many's the tramp I've taken in
Out of the cold and wet.
They took me in, too, most of them,
Robbed me and up an' run;
But it didn't make no difference, sir,
No matter what they done.
For twenty years I've took in tramps,
And given 'em such care
That now I sort o' like 'em—
Eh? take this here rockin' chair!
Tom used to set there every day
An' sass an' tease me so
I'd up an' wallup him, perhaps,
An' order him to go.

"Go anywhere, away from here,
An' stay there, too," I'd say;
I meant it then, but, Mr. Tramp,
It's different to-day:
The last time that I larruped him
An' ordered him to "git!"
He "got," an'—have some more corned beef—
I—I haven't seen him yit.
His mother wep' herself to death
An' my heart nearly broke,
For from the day Tom run away
She hardly ever spoke,
An' I've been feedin' every tramp
That's come this way since then,
In hopes that my poor, wandering boy
Would seek his home again.
What? Would I know him—know my boy
Ef I should see him now?
Say! would a shepherd know his sheep,
A farmer know his cow?
Tom had a mark of strawberries
Right here, across his chest,
An' if they was a million here
I'd know him from the rest.
What? You're my boy? Say, Mr. Tramp,
Be careful; don't play smart!
You—you are my boy, an' you have got
Strawberries across your heart?

Say! Show 'em up! Well, I declare!
That's my boy standin' there!
Now let no livin' man tell *me*
That God don't answer prayer.

CUDDLEDOWNTOWN.

I.

CUDDLEDOWNTOWN is near Cradleville,
Where the sand men pitch their tents;
In Drowsyland,
You understand,
In the State of Innocence;
'Tis right by the source of the River of Life,
Which the Grandma Storks watch over,
While honey-bug bees,
'Neath funny big trees,
Croon Lullabys in sweet clover.

II.

'Tis a wondrous village, this Cuddledowntown,
For its people all are sleepers,
And never a one,
From dark till dawn,
Has ever a use for Peepers;
They harness gold butterflies to Sunbeams,—
Play horse with them a-screaming,
While never a mite,
Throughout the night
E'er dreams that he's a-dreaming:

III.

In Cuddledowntown there are Choo-choo cars
In all of the beautiful streets,
And round bald heads
And curly heads
Are the Engineers one meets;
From Piggybacktown to Pattycakeville,
These cars run, hissing, screeching,
While wonderful toys,
For girls and boys,
Can always be had by reaching.

IV.

O, Cuddledowntown is a Village of Dreams,
Where little tired legs find rest;
'Tis in God's hand,
'Tis Holy Land,
Not far from Mother's breast,

And many a weary, grown-up man,
With sad soul, heavy, aching,
Could he lie down
In this sweet town,
Might keep his heart from breaking.

SKATING.

TAKE a day of winter sunshine,
  Calm and crisp and cold and clear
Take a millpond, like a mirror,—
  Ice so strong one needn't fear;
Ice that glistens as one listens
  To his glad heart's palpitating:
Indoor joys may do for others
  But, for me, there's naught like skating.

Take your sweetheart,—or some other's—
  With her sway and swing and curve;
Skating often makes hearts wander,—
  Causes fickle love to swerve:
Hot-house never grew such roses—
  Winter roses,—captivating,
As grow in the cheek of maiden,
  Gay and graceful maiden, skating.

When the swift steel strokes are singing
  Songs of winter's paradise,
Then it is, that love and lasses,
  Both are better, kept on ice:

To deserve them, first preserve them
Far beyond all extricating :
One can thaw the coldest heart out
By exhilarating skating.

Swiftly skating and gyrating
Over ice that's smooth and new,
With a maid's heart palpitating—
Beating Love's tattoo, for you ;
Though she teases as she freezes,
Laughingly love indicating—
Can a man of human feeling
Be impartial to such skating ?

"HUNCH" AND "HITCH."

Two little hunchback brothers, they,
Born so, people said:
But what they lacked in body they
Both made up in head.
Bright?—There were no two like them, sir,
In all the schools around;
They could answer any question which
The teachers could propound.
They laughed all through arithmetic—
With grammar took no pains—
School studies were as playthings to
Their acrobatic brains:
As athletes they were lacking, but
In other youthful joys
Both "Hunch" and "Hitch," as they were called,
Were equal to most boys.
They learned telegraphy so well,
These crippled fun creators,
That both of them, ere long, became
Most expert operators;
The kind of operators who

Can "send" like all creation
And, at the same time, can "receive"
And keep up conversation—
Can smoke a corn-cob pipe and spit,
With both feet on the table,
While glancing o'er the paper for
The latest news by cable.
Well, being boys who had to work,
They both got situations
In telegraphic offices
At far-off western stations:
The work came easy to their hands;
They made friends, far and near:
Conductors, brakemen, trainmen all,
And every engineer
Grew fond of little "Hunch" and "Hitch"
And often gave them rides
Along the prairie stretches, or
Across the great divides;
One night, as "Hunch" sat drowsing in
His operator's chair,
A far-off, jerky whistle, faint-
Ly filled the mid-night air.
"Hunch" roused himself and listened: he
Knew well that "Number Eight,"
The Fast Express, from Frisco,
Was "Reported half hour late;"
And that "Hitch" was coming on her from
A run across the plains:

He listened, then, in wonder, as
  The whistle wailed again
And in its plaintive tones he read
  The alphabet of Morse;
"Hold up! Help!" the whistle called;
  "Come to the Company's Stores!
Robbers, six, on Number Eight,
  Express car loaded rich!
For God's sake hurry! Don't delay!
  Toot out an answer! Hitch."
A panting engine stood without,
  With steam up, hissing, drumming;
"Hunch" telegraphed, with whistle toots,
  "We're coming, coming, coming!"
He told the startled engineer
  The news as on they flew
With speed of lightning o'er the rail,
  The Company's Stores in view.
On, on they sped with groan and gleam,
  Each second seemed a year,
While, through the roar and din and crash
  "Hunch" could his own heart hear:
They neared the spot—the robbers fled—
  The treasure car was saved—
Two hundred passengers went wild,
  Hurrahed and cheered and raved!
They found the hunchback, "Hitch," upon
  The engineer's high seat,
Where, unobserved, when engineer

And fireman made retreat,
He'd reached up, as the robbers worked,
All thought of danger scorning,
And, with the whistle, telegraphed
To "Hunch" his timely warning.

* * * * *

They found him there—you know the rest—
Except, perhaps, this part,
That little "Hitch," the hero, had
A bullet in his heart.

ED.

WHO? Ed? You want to see him? Ed?
Why you must be new about here! Ed? Why, Ed's—
dead.
Yessir—"pied," "thrown in," like so much type or
quad,
Under the eye of that greatest proof-reader—God.
Friend of yours, was he?—mine, too! Good "Old
English" type;
Solid body—clean cut—just exactly the right stripe;
Large, square, plain as the Roman nose on your face,
Ed was.
There's a new "jour" over there at Ed s case.

Nothing *nonpareil* about Ed but habits and health.
He was *diamond italics* on morals and wealth,
But when it came down to heart—*capital gothic*—that
was Ed's size.
Stuck type twenty years without comma or break, till
his eyes
Made a colon of six months in his life; then—well
then
Ed had 'em reset—put in brackets—come back again,
Chewed tobacco, set type, now and then took a brace,
And now—
There's a new "jour" over there at Ed's case.

Did the papers say much of him?—only a "stick."
But every man here knew that Ed was a—brick.
We were all there at the "make ready"—helped
"overlay" Ed,
Locked the "form" up for the "press"—full length
—double-lead.
Ed was—What?—Going?—Can't keep back the tears?
Why—look at me, man—I—that is—have no fears,
But Ed got there. Sorry he's not in—his—place!
Good—good morning—
New "jour" over there—at Ed's—case.

MY MARGUERITE.

O, YOU should see my Marguerite!
She is so winsome, wise and sweet—
A floweret from the field of love!
Voiced like the gentle, cooing dove,
Her language falls into the ear
In tremulous sound-waves; low, sweet, clear;
Her dainty foot-falls on the earth
Are noiseless as a new day's birth;
Floats her fair hair in silken fold,
A winding, grace-born stream-of-gold;
Through rose-red, coral reefs there gleam
Gem-pearls. Dimples, which tiny eddies seem,
Flit playfully from cheek to chin,
And in their whirl my senses spin.
Her opalescent eye, serene,
Is to my soul a thralling queen.

* * * * *

This willowy, witching sprite petite,
This sweetly-thoughtful Marguerite,
This perfect maiden, half divine
Is all my own—my Valentine.

THOSE DEAR OLD HANDS.

THOSE dear old hands! Those dear old hands,
With sinews firm and strong!
Can I forget their guiding power
When I, in youth, went wrong?

Those dear old hands, those queer old hands,
With knuckles brown and bent!
Can I forget the happiness
Their tender touches lent?

Those hands that once, in bitterness,
As boy, I criticized,
I *now* perceive were blessings, pure,
From youthful eyes disguised.

Can I forget how, long ago,
In fever's dreadful reign,
Those hands repulsed and vanquished death
And gave me life again?

Can I forget those precious hands,—
Dear hands of human gold,—
Which, clasped by God's, but yesterday,
Were drawn within the fold?

WITH BIRTHDAY ROSES.

Each rose, a year,
  Each leaf a joy,
For thee, dear heart,
  Without alloy!

Each day of life,
  Each golden hour,
Brings forth, for thee,
  Some happy flower!

Each darling dream,
  Each hope of thine,
Be realized
  Sweetheart of mine!

When thy pure soul
  Seeks last repose,
God grant thee death
  As dies the rose.

THE END.

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